

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: THE PARIS SALON. SIXPENCE



CAPE TOWN'S LAST FAREWELL TO CECIL RHODES: THE CORTÈGE ARRIVING AT CAPE TOWN STATION TO JOIN THE FUNERAL TRAIN, APRIL 3.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. S. BETTISON, CAPE TOWN.

At Cape Town Cecil Rhodes' body began its journey to Rhodesia, where on April 10 it was laid to rest, as the dead statesman desired, on the peak of the Matoppos Hills which he had named "World's View."



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A playful article in the *Spectator* deals with the strange behaviour of mankind at breakfast. That meal is supposed to try the temper even of the most sociable. The family breakfast-table, to which we cling with the tenacious conservatism of our race, is a scene of acrimony. A lady of my acquaintance, who greets the day with the highest spirits, tells me that her parents, who are devotedly attached to her, are constantly tempted by her gaiety at breakfast to turn her out of doors. "If you ever find me reduced to beggary," she says, "you will know that my breakfast humour has forced my family to desert me." The *Spectator* gives a lurid picture of a journalist at the early meal, stalking up and down the room. I have seen men do this in a club library, where the very sight of books seemed to give them an irresistible desire for exercise. But why any journalist should have this feverish passion for stalking at breakfast-time I do not know.

Horace Walpole was a cheerful being, but even he took precautions to ensure liveliness at the morning refection. First, he dressed himself with particular care, wearing hose of partridge-coloured silk. Then he had a squirrel as his table companion. A squirrel, I presume, is never melancholy, and will crack a nut without any sense of that monotony which attends the cracking of the breakfast egg. Walpole watched the squirrel, then admired his partridge-coloured stockings, and felt securely armed against the megrims. The gloomy journalist should study this example. The stockings are out of date, but he might be cheered by a squirrel and a brilliant necktie. And what of the traditional pipe—"sweet when the morn is grey"? Is that a poetical illusion? Is there no charm in the glowing bowl (which never glowed for me) to make the journalist tolerate for at least another day a world in which statesmen stalk blindfold on, heedless of leading articles, and literary reputations are made without the smallest regard for criticism? Failing the squirrel, you may get no small entertainment out of a coffee-mill, which grinds the berries of Mocha and Mysore with a cheerful noise, and reminds you of the kangaroo. ("He thought he saw a kangaroo that worked a coffee-mill.") This fantasy prompts the spirit to leaps and bounds; and when the coffee is made, it is of all stimulants the most divine.

This is the hour when the thoughts of men should be widened by the process of the suns, which, in my case, are the monthly periodicals. Mocha and Mysore prepare the brain to assimilate the wisdom of the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, and the *Monthly Review*. When you have had your second cup, you can stand the awful forebodings of Mr. W. S. Lilly, who pictures seven millions of our people starved because an astute enemy has run wheat up to a hundred shillings a quarter in the American market. This enemy is not American, but Russian; let us say a broker acting for the Russian Government; and Mr. Lilly sees no difficulty in supposing that the American people, who, after all, consume a good deal of their own wheat, would be content to have it at that price. Or would prices be so arranged in the American market that wheat would be cheap for home consumption, but too dear for export to the starving British Isles? Mr. Lilly sees seven millions of our people forcing our Government to make humiliating terms of peace with the foreign enemy who had dealt us this blow. But, before that happened, what would the American consumers and exporters be doing to that Russian broker and his employers?

Mr. Lilly has a still more startling bogey. A military writer has persuaded him that two naval Powers, bent on destroying our peace of mind, would go about the nefarious business in a very original, secret, and successful manner. Each of them would prepare an expedition ostensibly for "the punishment of the King of Siam or one of the South American Republics." The expeditions would consist of "200 steam transports, each carrying two battalions." They would suddenly unite and descend upon our shores when we were innocently supposing that the King of Siam or one of the South American Republics was the real objective of one or both. It would never occur to us that Siam was rather small quarry for such remarkable preparations, or that the United States would not tolerate any expedition against any South American Republic. No, we should be wrapped in blissful indifference, not caring a button about Siam, which is nowhere near our Eastern possessions. Nor would the Government of the United States care a button about a huge expedition nominally directed against a country protected from European intervention by the Monroe Doctrine. And Mr. Lilly and his military writer ask us to believe that we should wake up one morning to face a declaration of war, and the imminent arrival of both expeditions in the Channel.

Why should breakfast be a gloomy meal when you can garnish it with such stimulating figments? Why yearn for Walpole's squirrel when you can have Mr. Lilly? Observe the richness of his fancy, and the fancy

of his military adviser. They are not content that one Power shall have an imaginary quarrel with Siam or Peru. No, there must be two. Russia announces her resolve to lecture Bangkok with a hundred steam transports, and France pretends to admonish Valparaiso with another hundred. And we take it for granted that both intentions are genuine; and poor Bangkok and poor Valparaiso are thrown into a dreadful ferment for nothing at all; and the rest of the world is completely taken in, nobody having the smallest gumption except certain wily persons at St. Petersburg and on the Quai d'Orsay! Mr. Lilly gives me that delightfully "creepy" sensation which is the tribute we pay to a good ghost story. (He objects to ghost stories, by the way. Groundless jealousy!) My coffee-cup trembles in my hand, and I behold a Cossack (one of the gentlemen who are civilising Finland just now) shaking a knout at me. "How are you?" I stammer. "I suppose you have come to town for the Coronation?" "Bah!" says he, with a grin, "his Imperial Majesty the Czar is now crowning himself in Westminster Abbey. Where do you keep the whisky?"

Some people cannot sleep o' nights for thinking of the American invasion of Oxford. They see the scholars of Cecil Rhodes taking possession of the University, and giving it a slang and a twang. They hear "flapdoodle" instead of "piffle." They listen to revolutionary speeches at the Union, especially in a debate on a resolution moved by a gentleman from Omaha: "That no Oxford man shall slight the dignity of the great Republic of the United States by maintaining the doctrine that 'we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest.'" But I notice that there are daring spirits at Oxford who welcome the invasion. Mr. F. C. Schiller says in the *Fortnightly*: "It may safely be predicted that Oxford will become a most congenial hotbed for the latest slang." He has a cheerful expectation that "the racy locutions of the bush and the ranch" will enrich the Oxford English Dictionary. But the process will not be one-sided. "Oxford English may even react beneficially upon the character of the imported dialects." After all, "flapdoodle" may not supplant "piffle." There may be a glorious blend—say "fliffle." Mr. Schiller, who has a remarkably open mind, even affirms that certain antiquated modes of teaching at Oxford will be usefully modernised by the influence of the newcomers without injury to the true spirit of the University.

The same faith in the new development is expounded in an eloquent article in the *Monthly Review*, called "Mr. Rhodes and Greater Oxford." The writer quotes from a French critic a tribute to the personal influence on young students exercised by a man like Max Müller. Max Müller was a German who perhaps owed as much to Oxford as Oxford owed to him. "No other place of learning," says the *Monthly Review*, "is at once so free of the past and so irresistibly led by the hope of the coming age." This hope will have a practical stimulus in the great experiment of Cecil Rhodes. "All but those to whom any new thing is an evil in itself, to whom growth is a disease and hope a vice, will look forward to an increase of keenness, a widening of the outlook of our home-keeping youth, a kindling of the national imagination." There is no danger to our old English scholarship. Even if "piffle" should become "fliffle," Oxford will not be enslaved by Young America; and for a kindling of the national imagination she need not disdain a spark from the individuality of our American and Colonial kinsmen.

Education is not so progressive in this country that it can afford to resent a filip from any quarter. We are going through one of those periodical riots of sectarian passion which serve us instead of educational zeal. Parties are locked in fierce conflict over the precise character and degree of the religious instruction which every parent is assumed to desire for his child above all earthly considerations. If all parents are animated by this feverish scruple, they must have changed a good deal since my schooldays. I call to mind an old grammar-school, where the head master was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the religious instruction consisted solely of the reading of a chapter from the Bible and the collect of the day. Never did the head master offer a word of comment. I have never known him make the smallest allusion to any religious subject whatsoever. But he lost no opportunity of upholding the standard of manly good sense. He had a keen eye for character, and nipped a prig in the bud without mercy. He made the lessons that had a direct bearing on life—in literature, history, and biography—luminous and impressive by his own high ideals. The boys were not all of one religious denomination. Some of them, I remember, were Roman Catholics who used to come in when we had finished the collect. But no anxious parents wanted to know why religious dogmas were not expounded with the zeal and thoroughness which endear them to the schoolboy mind. No parent was alarmed lest Euclid should be employed as a subtle agent for teaching the doctrines of the Church of England. Can it be that I am dreaming? Was that school in Utopia after all?

## THE HOLY SHROUD OF TURIN.

A very considerable amount of interest has been evoked by an announcement from Paris regarding the scientific examination of the relic known as the Holy Shroud, which is preserved in the Cathedral of Turin, and is an object of veneration to the faithful. It appears that Professor Yves Delage, in a communication made to the Academy of Science, alleges that on the shroud in question there are to be detected the lineaments of a human figure, which is believed to represent—on the idea of its reality—the imprint of the body of the Saviour. The history of the relic, as given by the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, shows that it is assumed to represent the shroud with which Christ's body was invested, and that it was held in veneration at Constantinople till 1205. It then disappeared, but was recovered in 1353. The shroud itself is described as consisting of a linen sheet of yellowish colour, and showing certain marks of reddish-brown tint. Four years ago, it appears, the shroud was photographed for some reason or other which does not appear in the account. The negative on being developed was said to have given a positive picture of a dead body. Further researches were undertaken by Professor Delage and his colleagues, and the details already briefly recounted have become elaborated in a striking fashion. Not only is the imprint of the body said to have been recognised, but certain features of the crucified Saviour are stated to be reproduced in the shape of flagellation marks on wrists and feet, a spear-thrust in the side, a smitten face, and traces of the wounds left by the crown of thorns. Dr. Vignon, one of the investigators of the case, dismisses the idea that the shroud had been painted by some impostor, his grounds for this belief being that no mediæval artist could have painted or conceived so realistic a representation—grounds, these, which, so far as they go, will not appeal with much weight to most minds. Left to account for the imprint on the linen, Dr. Vignon, experimenting with a corpse, is said to have made out that the ammoniacal vapours given off in the decomposition of the body react chemically with the oil and essence of aloes, this last said to have been used for impregnating the shroud of Christ. Tried with a linen sheet, the combination above noted is alleged to have reproduced on the linen the imprint of the body enclosed in it, the ammonia vapour dyeing the fabric of a brown hue, and thus accounting, it is held, for the marks on the Turin shroud. Dr. Delage held that it had at least been proved that the photograph of a body might be left on a sheet as described by Dr. Vignon, but the Academy declined, because of the controversial nature of the subject, to appoint a committee which should inquire further into the alleged phenomena.

Those who have followed Dr. Russell's experiments on photographing in the dark will remember that he demonstrated the possibility of an imprint being left on a sensitive plate through contact with any object from which peroxide of hydrogen was evolved. There is, of course, no parallelism between a linen shroud and a sensitized plate, but it might probably be argued that science has not yet exhausted all the possibilities whereby an imprint might even be left upon the former in virtue of certain purely chemical reactions. There is nothing known in photographic science which can lend countenance to the notion that the shroud at Turin, acting as a "plate," received a negative imprint thereon. As for a photograph of the shroud developing a positive imprint of the body enclosed in it, this is equally inexplicable, unless we are to translate the description as meaning that on a photograph of the shroud there came out markings or appearances suggestive of the configuration of a human body. This, of course, is a very different thing from the assumption that an actual negative photographed on the shroud was reproduced in the photographic obverse. Several theories may be held by those who regard the Turin shroud incident as worthy of further investigation. There may be, first of all, the perpetration of the very fraud of the possibility of which Dr. Vignon appears to be so sceptical. The alleged exactitude of the markings on the photograph corresponding to those on the Saviour's body, it must be confessed, rather favours this first hypothesis. In the case of a fraudulent imitation, the chances are that the imposture would be made very definite and exact. A second view is that already suggested—namely, that an imprint of some body or other, photographed from the shroud and developed, has given rise to the supposition of the preservation of the marks of Calvary. This view presupposes, of course, that the shroud is really that in which Christ's body was enveloped. As for the experiments of Dr. Vignon, they will require confirmation. If it be true that ammoniacal vapours combined with oil and essence of aloes will convey to a sheet saturated with the latter an exact imprint of a body enclosed in it, the sooner the fact is substantiated the more satisfactory will be Dr. Vignon's position. Many persons may, and probably will, regard the whole matter as frivolous. Many orthodox Roman Catholics will assuredly adopt this position; and there is, lastly, one point of extreme importance, which appears to constitute "the little rift within the lute" in the case of Dr. Vignon's experimentation. As we have seen, he demands the existence of ammoniacal vapours proceeding from the body enrolled in the sheet as a condition for the reproduction of its imprint. Ammonia is one of the products of animal putrefaction and decay. As it is an accepted dogma of the Christian religion that the Saviour's body suffered no decay, it may be interesting to learn whence the ammoniacal vapours, postulated by the French *savant* as the cause of the imprint on the Turin shroud, could have been derived. It has been suggested that the ammoniacal odours could have arisen from the sweat of the body enclosed in the shroud. Perspiration is a more or less evanescent secretion, and that the small amount of ammonia which might be contained in the skin-products could assist in producing an exact reproduction of the body, is, to my mind, almost inconceivable. Be that as it may, the whole case rests on theory and unverified experiment.—ANDREW WILSON.



## PARLIAMENT.

The adventures of the Budget afford unwonted diversion. To meet objections to the new stamp duty on cheques, Sir Michael Hicks Beach proposes that cashed cheques under two pounds in value may be presented at a money-order office, and have a penny returned on each of them. The House of Commons greeted this with unrestrained mirth, the idea of submitting one's cheques to the inspection of a young lady in a post-office striking everybody, except the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a very good joke indeed. Mr. Lambert asked whether the disused cheques might not be turned to account as postage-stamps, and Sir Michael tartly congratulated the honourable member on his sense of humour.

Mr. Arnold Forster announced the appointment of a Committee by the Admiralty to consider the best means of securing the service of fast ocean steamers for transport in time of war, and preventing their transfer to a foreign flag. Other official statements showed that the serious effects of the new American shipping "combine" on our mercantile marine are engaging the attention of the Government.

Mr. John Morley initiated a debate on the detention of Mr. Albert Cartwright in South Africa after the expiration of his term of imprisonment for traducing Lord Kitchener. It was Mr. Cartwright who stated in a paper at Cape Town that Lord Kitchener had given orders that in certain military operations no prisoners were to be taken. Mr. Morley contended that the detention of Mr. Cartwright, who desired to come to England, was a violation of constitutional rights. Sir William Harcourt supported this view in a vehement speech, and several of the supporters of the Government spoke on the same side. Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Balfour held that Mr. Morley's motion was a censure on Lord Kitchener, who had not yet communicated his reasons for the treatment of Mr. Cartwright. The Government had a majority of seventy-seven.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## HENRY IRVING'S LYCEUM RENTRÉE IN "FAUST."

Sir Henry Irving's London appearances have become of late so much like the proverbial angels' visits that it is almost ungracious to complain of the form which they assume. Otherwise it might seem a pity that our leading actor's return, an event greeted last Saturday with an enthusiasm of positive affection, should be associated with the revival of so sorry a thing as the Lyceum perversion of "Faust." For here, eked out by commonplace verse and grotesque farce, but adorned by beautiful scenery and fine spectacle, is nothing more than a splendid pantomime. Happily, whatever the late Mr. Wills's nailed-up "drama" may not be, it enables Sir Henry Irving, in the character of the sardonic fiend, Mephistopheles, to furnish a masterly piece of imaginative and comic portraiture such as appeals irresistibly alike to the intellect and to the crudest sense of humour. To pair off with so grim a farceur, an adequate Martha has been found in Miss M. A. Victor, but the new representatives of Margaret, Faust, and Valentine, though all showing abundant promise, scarcely give complete satisfaction. Altogether charming in the jewel-scene, Miss Cecilia Loftus merely strains her voice in attempting to express the heroine's distraction; while Mr. Stanford, despite admirable elocution, makes but a conventional Faust, and Mr. Laurence Irving declaims Valentine's death-speech with an over-accentuation of melodramatic vehemence.

## "CASTE," REVIVED AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Caste," though thirty-five years old, though antiquated in sentiments and technique, though full of stale "business" and burlesque characterisation, has still, by reason of its humour, the power to please, as was proved by the cordial reception accorded to last week's Haymarket revival. The applause was merited no less by the players than by the play, for the interpretation supplied by a distinguished company is, in the main, thoroughly acceptable. Miss Genevieve Ward's Marquise, perfect in dignity, deportment, and breeding; Miss Marie Tempest's Polly, just the hearty and loyal creature of Robertson's conception (if only she had a trifle more of Mrs. Bancroft's gaiety); Mr. Brandon Thomas's Hawtree, better than any recent Hawtree, because heavy in manner without being offensively supercilious—these are all three first-rate impersonations. Nor can any fault be discovered in the winsome and appealing Esther of Miss Winifred Emery, except the hysterical note ever present in her acting, or with the chivalrous D'Alroy of Mr. Allan Aynesworth, save that he is a little stiff in love-making, or again with the jovial Gerridge of Mr. Giddens, did he not over-elaborate the tea-table buffoonery. The one disappointment is Mr. Cyril Maude's representation of Eccles, which, while cleverly emphasising the aspect of bibulous depravity, lacks the spontaneity of Mr. Hare's assumption, as well as the redeeming element that Mr. Honey always suggested of unctuous comicality.

A sale of work is to be opened by the Duchess of Teck at twelve o'clock on May 6, at the large hall in the Church House, Great Smith Street, Westminster, in aid of missionary work in South Africa.

Major-General the Earl of Dundonald will take up the command of the Canadian Militia at the beginning of July, and will be joined by the Countess of Dundonald and Lady Grizel Cochrane in the autumn or early winter, when the initial difficulties of the scheme of reorganisation will have been dealt with.

London editors will, on May 10, at the Criterion Restaurant, entertain the representatives of the American and Colonial Press, either resident in London or present for the Coronation ceremonies. The chair will be taken by Sir Douglas Straight, supported by the leading editors of the Metropolis. Journalists desiring to be present at the banquet should communicate with the secretary, Mr. Austin Brereton, 13, York Chambers, Adelphi.

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On the Old Trail. Bret Harte. (Pearson. 6s.)  
The Mystery of William Shakespeare: A Summary of Evidence. His Honour Judge Webb. (Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d.)  
Philip Longstreth. Marie van Vorst. (Harper. 6s.)  
A New Trafalgar: A Tale of the Torpedo Fleet. A. C. Curtis. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)  
Jane Eyre. Charlotte Brontë. With Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)  
The Lie Circumspect. Rita. (Hutchinson. 6s.)  
Isabella and the Eve of St. Agnes. John Keats. (Bell. 1s. 6d.)  
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TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—GRAND STAND, from £3 3s. BOROUGH POLYTECHNIC, from £1 11s. 6d. Other seats at various points on the two routes.

NAVAL REVIEW { ss. "ARGONAUT" } FULL.  
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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING AT LORD'S.

The Toronto lacrosse team scored another success on April 26, when they beat the Duke of Argyll's team at Lord's by eleven goals to three. The match was played in presence of a large and brilliant assembly, which recalled the gatherings of the Oxford and Cambridge and the Eton and Harrow cricket matches. About four o'clock his Majesty arrived, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception, play being stopped for a few moments. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other royal personages were already on the ground, and the Duke of Argyll watched with interest the performance of the men whom he had selected to face the Canadians. When the King arrived the Canadians were leading, having displayed a strong superiority in passing. During the second twenty minutes, the visitors had to face the wind; but, in spite of this, they maintained their supremacy, and Murray and Querrie, scoring goals twice, brought the Canadian total up to six against the English two. During the third period the home team obtained their last point, and although Scott, their goalkeeper, performed many feats of valour, the game was the Canadians'.

## THE STATE FUNERAL OF CECIL RHODES.

The Cape mail brings us pictures of the State funeral of Cecil Rhodes, a ceremony already familiar to us by telegraphic reports. After lying in state at the Houses of Parliament, where thousands of mourners had paid a last tribute of respect, the remains of the great statesman were, on April 3, solemnly escorted to the Cape Town Cathedral. The coffin rested on the carriage of "Long Cecil," the gun which was manufactured at Kimberley during the siege, and over the bier was flung the Union Jack, together with the flag of the British South Africa Company and a banner bearing the words, "Farewell, great heart," sent by the Loyal Women's Guild. Eight horses drew the carriage, and on either side walked Dr. Jameson and Mr. Michell, as pall-bearers, assisted by Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Mr. Smartt and Mr. Graham, representing the Ministry of Cape Colony, and Sir C. Metcalfe, Mr. Currey, and Dr. Stevenson. Just behind the gun-carriage Colonel Frank Rhodes walked alone as chief mourner. He was followed by the representatives of the Government and of the public bodies, and

by pioneers of the great industries of South Africa. Among the mourners were many prominent members of the Afrikaner Bond. Within the Cathedral, which was thronged in every part, the Archbishop of Cape Town conducted the impressive service, at the close of which the procession was re-formed and moved, to the strains

after five years his employer was persuaded to cancel his indentures, and so allow him to enter the Royal Academy Schools. There he gained several silver and gold medals and the travelling studentship, which enabled him to visit France and Italy. He was still a student when his first publicly exhibited picture, "Peaceful Days," was hung in the Academy. Since that time he has exhibited continuously at Burlington House, the Grosvenor Gallery, and elsewhere. Mr. Morris was awarded a third-class medal for painting at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. He retired in 1900.

## THE TRIAL OF MUSOLINO.

The trial of Musolino, the notorious Italian brigand, for eleven murders, began at Lucca on April 15, but the prisoner refused to appear before his judges, as the authorities would not permit him to wear his ordinary clothes. The Italian law cannot force a prisoner to face his accusers, but eventually the brigand, after a stormy interview with his advocate, consented not only to appear, but to wear his prison garb. He indulged in another extraordinary outburst a few days later, when Maria Angela Priolo, one of the witnesses, after having given an account of the murder of her son,

Photo, C. O. Bulla, St. Petersburg.

## THE MURDERED RUSSIAN MINISTER: M. SIPIAGUINE'S FUNERAL AT ST. PETERSBURG, APRIL 17.

The remains of M. Sipiaguine, the murdered Russian Minister, were interred at the Alexander Newski Monastery on April 17. The funeral service, conducted by the Metropolitan, was attended by the Czar and the Czaritsa, the Czarévitch, the high officials of the Empire, and the Corps Diplomatique. The Czar, the Czarévitch, the Grand Dukes, and the Ministers conducted the coffin to the hearse.

of the Dead March, towards the railway-station, where began Cecil Rhodes' last romantic journey to his resting-place on the Matopopo Hills.

## THE LATE MR. P. R. MORRIS.

Mr. Philip Richard Morris, Associate of the Royal

turned on the prisoner, crying: "This brigand killed him." The accused man turned pale for a moment, and then cursed the woman, and became very violent. The gendarmes at once sought to restrain him, and a fierce struggle ensued, in which the brigand was worsted. The President of the Court commanded that he should be taken back to prison. Musolino replied with a shout: "Yes, I will go there, and I will not return." It was this exclamation, doubtless, that gave rise to the rumour that he had committed suicide.

## THE LAST OF THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

With the dismantling of the Lowther Arcade, soon to form part of Coutts's Bank, London children have lost a Christmas paradise. The Arcade, the name of which has for generations been synonymous with toyshop, was called after Lord Lowther, who was Chief Com-

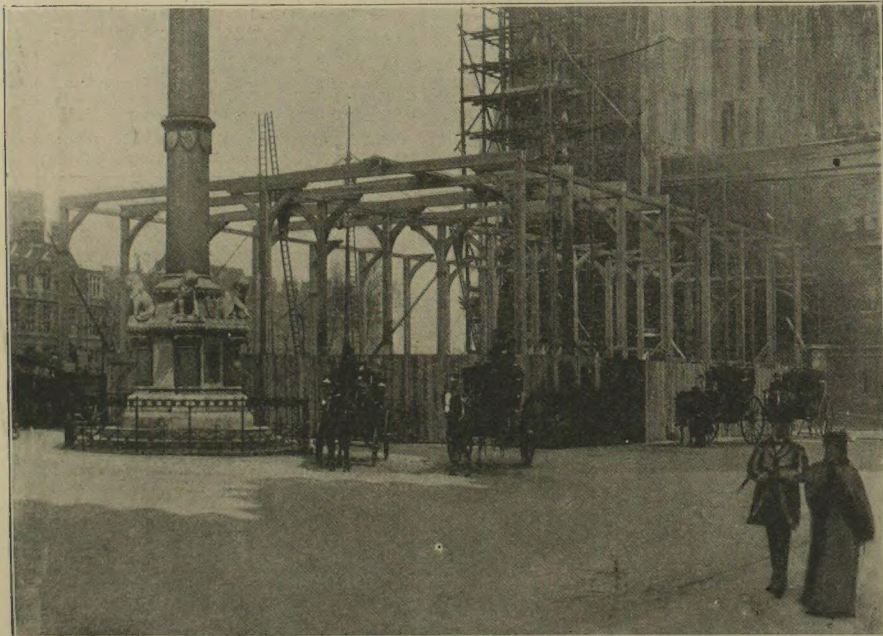
missioner of Woods and Forests at the time of its erection. It ran, as everybody knows, from the Strand to Adelaide Street, and was designed by Witherden Young, whose architecture, especially the ceiling vista of small pendentive domes, found contemporary admirers. The Arcade measured from street to street 245 feet.



## THE FIRST TRANSVAAL STAMPS OF EDWARD VII.

The New Stamps were Issued on April 1.

Academy, who died on April 22, was born at Devonport on Dec. 4, 1833, and began his working life as an apprentice to an engineer. Manual labour, however, was always distasteful to him, and every spare moment was devoted to art. Encouraged by Mr. Holman Hunt, he made a study of the Elgin Marbles, and



Photo, R. A. Shield.

## PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION: SKELETON OF THE ROYAL PAVILION AT THE WEST DOOR OF THE ABBEY.

At Queen Victoria's Coronation a sumptuous pavilion with retiring-rooms was erected at the West Door of the Abbey, where the Sovereign enters. This precedent is being followed on the present occasion.



Photo, S. H. Wrightson.

## THE VISIT OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO CROMER, APRIL 26: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT THE STATION.

The Queen left town on the afternoon of April 26 for Overstrand Hall, Cromer, where Princess Victoria has been staying for a month. Her Majesty and the Princess attended Cromer Church on the Sunday morning. Both returned to London on April 28.



# A REPUTED NATURAL PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR LORD: THE HOLY SHROUD OF TURIN.



ORATIO  
Deus, qui nobis in Sancta Sindone, qua Corpus Tuum Sacratissimum e Cruce depositum, a Joseph involutum fuit, Passionis Tue vestigia reliquisti, concede propitius ut, per mortem et sepulturam Tuam, ad resurrectionis gloriam perducamur; qui vivis et regnas in secula seculorum. Amen.



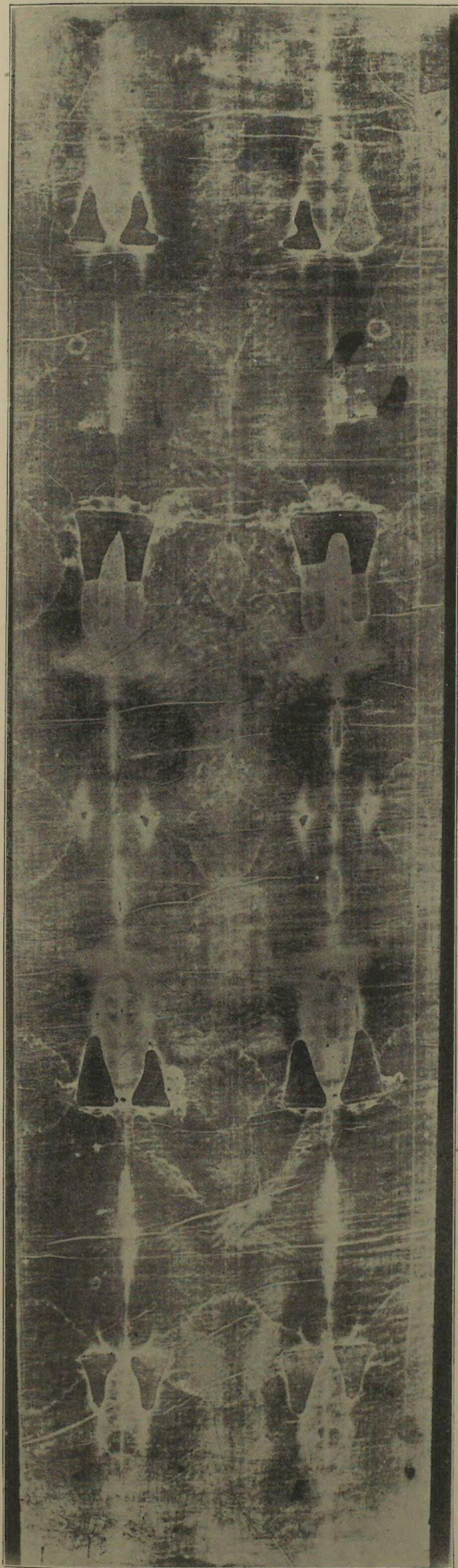
Fatto per l'autenticità  
IL PRESIDENTE DEL COMITATO ESECUTIVO

*Antonio Manno*

*Agostino Quirle Corino*

PRAYER APPENDED TO THE SHROUD, SEALED AND  
PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

SIGNED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF TURIN AND THE  
OF THE TURIN CENTENARY.



THE HOLY SHROUD AS EXHIBITED AT THE  
METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF TURIN: POSITIVE.



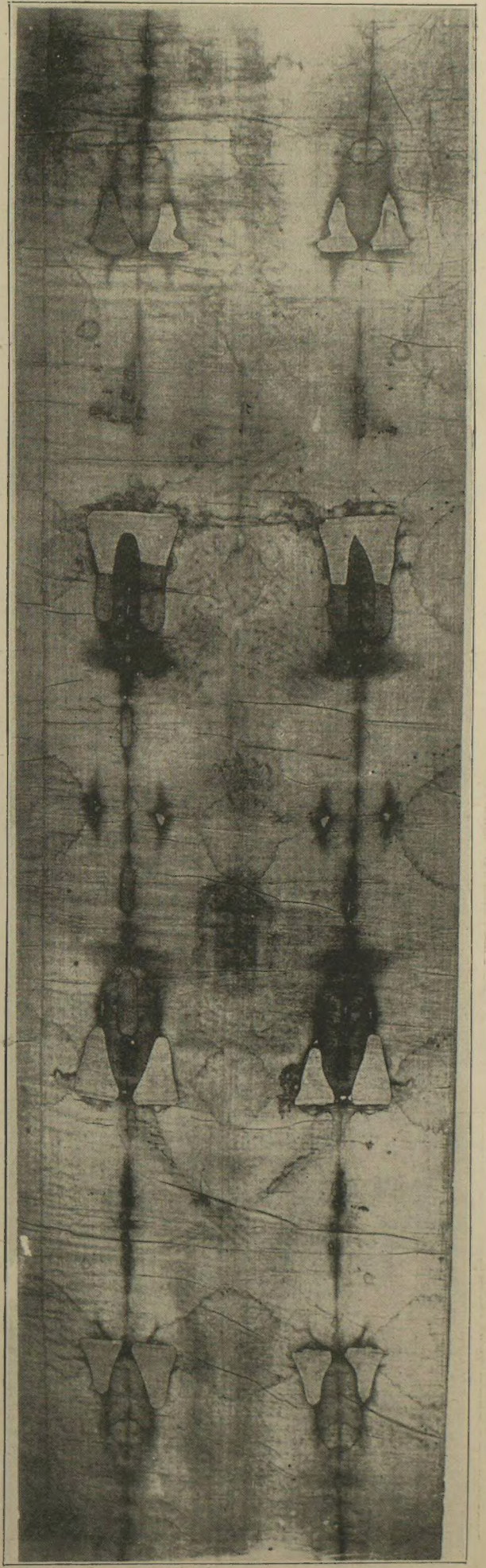
BY RAFFAELE.



BY ANDREA VERROCCHIO AND LEONARDO  
DA VINCI.



BY PINTURICCHIO.



THE HOLY SHROUD AS EXHIBITED AT THE  
METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF TURIN: NEGATIVE.

Experiments conducted by Professor Yves Delage, Dr. Vignon, and M. Colson have gone to show that the image of Our Lord on the Holy Shroud of Turin might possibly be described as a natural photograph. Dr. Vignon found that a corpse shortly after death emits ammoniacal vapours which react chemically upon oil mixed with aloes, with which the shroud is recorded to have been impregnated. The shroud is said to have been known in Constantinople as early as 1205 A.D. The image bears all the marks of the Passion.



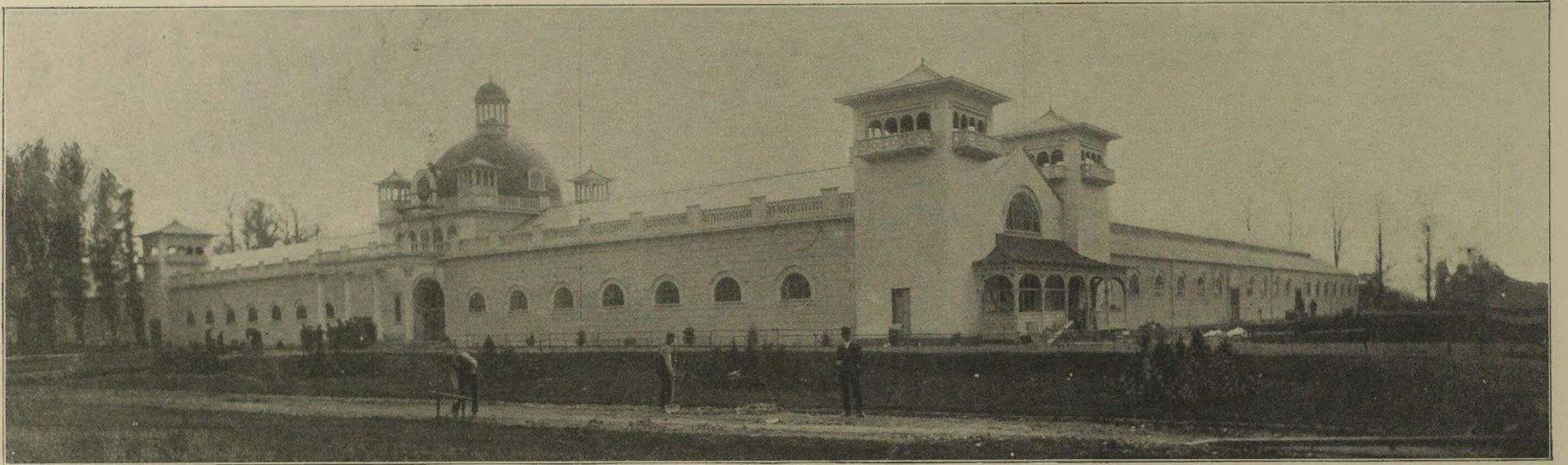
## TWO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS OPENED ON MAY DAY.



THE GROUNDS NEAR THE BANDSTAND.



A REFRESHMENT-ROOM.

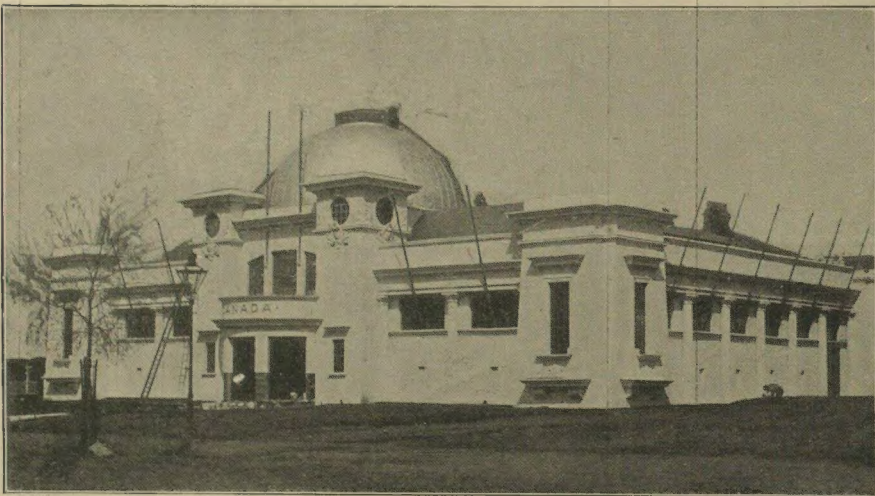


THE MAIN HALL.

### THE CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILKIE AND SON, CORK.

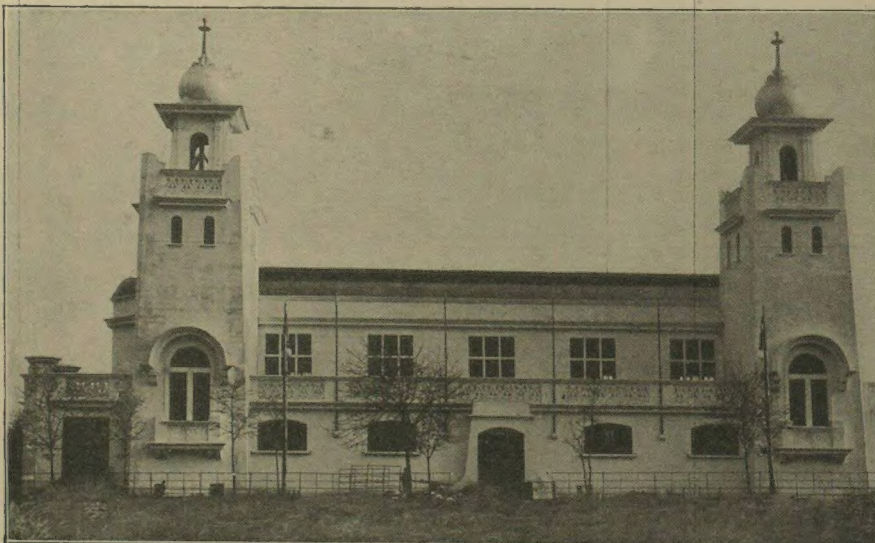
*Almost every European country, as well as America, the Colonies, China, and Japan, is represented at the Cork Exhibition. The grounds are beautifully situated between the north arm of the River Lee and Mardyke Walk. A loan collection, to which the King has contributed two portraits of Queen Victoria, has been arranged by Mr. Seymour Lucas junior.*



THE CANADIAN SECTION.



THE INDUSTRIAL HALL.



THE CONCERT HALL.



THE MACHINERY HALL.

### THE WOLVERHAMPTON EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITLOCK.

*The Wolverhampton Exhibition Buildings, in part designed by the architects of the Glasgow Exhibition, cover an area of over thirty acres, and cost nearly £50,000 to erect. The principal of these are the Industrial Hall and the Machinery Hall, the former measuring 377 ft. by 270 ft., and the latter 350 ft. by 150 ft. Electricity is the motive power of the whole of the machinery, and also lights the buildings and grounds.*



# THE TRIAL OF THE NOTORIOUS BRIGAND, MUSOLINO, AT LUCCA.

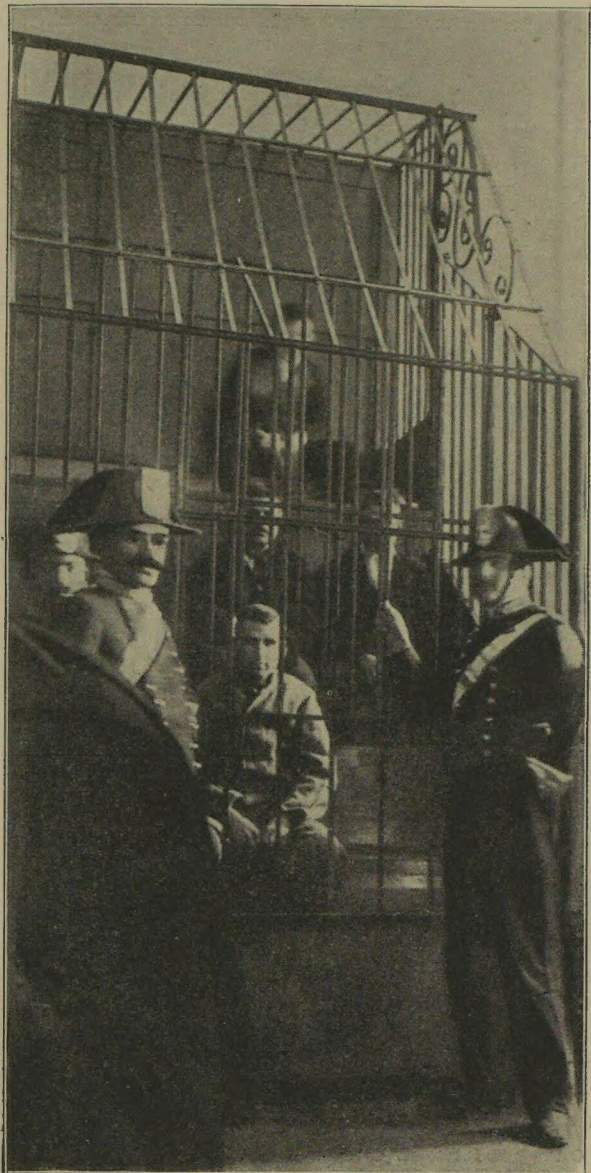


Photo. Egineta, Naples.

MUSOLINO AND HIS ACCOMPLICES IN THE DOCK.



Photo. Egineta, Naples.

THE PRISON VAN CONTAINING MUSOLINO.

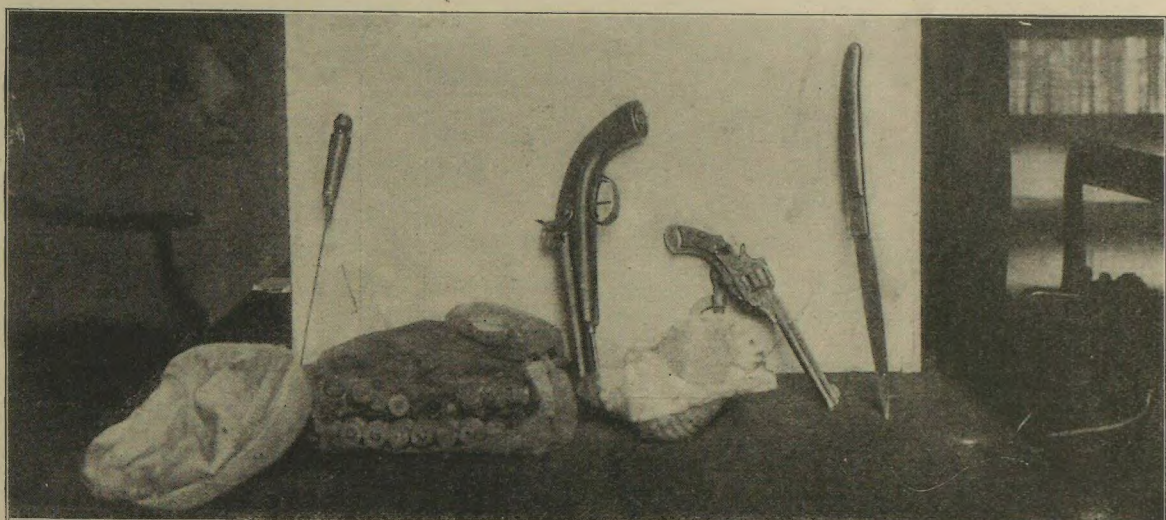
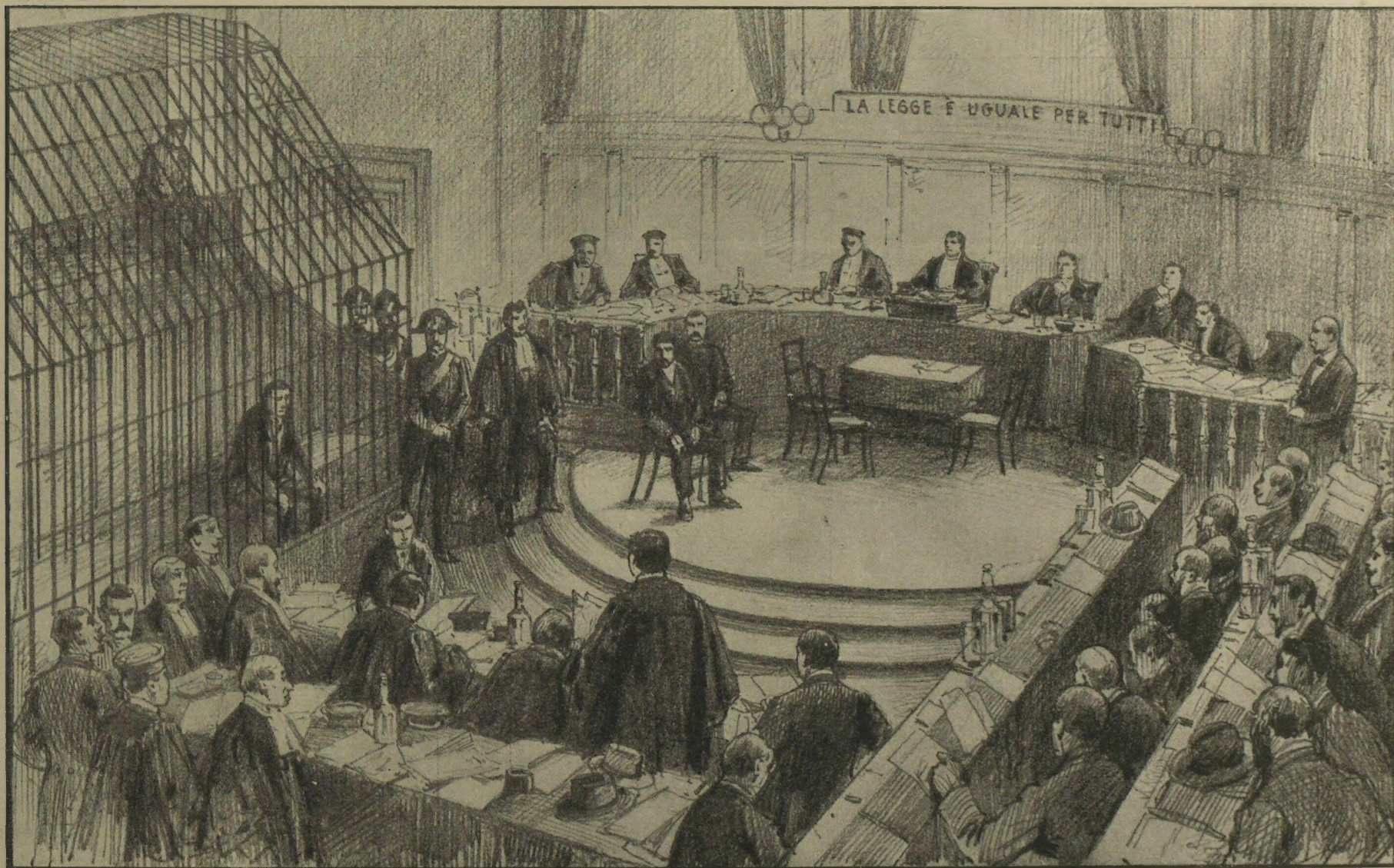


Photo. Egineta, Naples.

MUSOLINO'S ARMS AND CYCLIST'S CAP: TAKEN FROM HIM ON HIS ARREST.



THE SCENE IN THE COURT HOUSE AT LUCCA, SHOWING PRISONER IN THE CAGE.

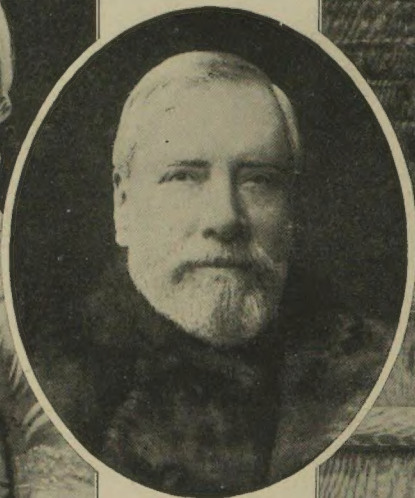
DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EGINETA.

Giuseppe Musolino, the notorious brigand, whose trial began at Lucca on April 15, is twenty-six years of age. He was captured on October 16 in the streets of Urbino. His career as an outlaw is said to have begun two years ago with his escape from prison, to which he had been condemned—as he held, undeservedly—for the murder of a man who had stabbed him. He vowed, it is said, to kill the judge, the prosecutor, and the fifteen witnesses who had procured his conviction, and he is charged with the despatch of eleven of them. For months he held a large tract of Calabrian territory in his grasp, continually baffling the troops sent out to capture him. His mountain stronghold was blockaded, but by the aid of the peasants, with whom he was very popular, especially with the women, he made his way through the cordon of guards. Disguised as a priest on his way to see his Bishop, he chatted affably with the soldiers, and offered to execute commissions for their officer. Ballads have been composed in his honour, and letters complimentary to the prisoner pour in upon the Procurator of Lucca. When detected at Urbino, on account of his Calabrian accent, he took to flight, but a lucky carabiniere, spurred by the Government reward set on Musolino's head, gave chase and overcame the desperado after a fierce struggle. In court he behaved violently towards a witness whose son he had murdered.





"THE BEST OF FRIENDS."  
("ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1884.)



THE LATE  
PHIL R. MORRIS,  
A.R.A.  
*Photograph by  
Window and Grove.*



"THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATES."  
("ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," DECEMBER 27, 1884.)

THE LATE PHIL MORRIS, A.R.A., AND EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK.

Thirty years ago the late Phil Morris was regarded as one of the best of the coming men. Of recent years, despite the gradually changing mode in art, his subject-pictures and portraits of women and children, with their delicate colour and drawing, found their own circle of admirers and were welcomed to the walls of Burlington House. The pictures given above are excellent examples of his manner.



*Photo. Dorrett and Martin.*

THE LAST OF A CHILDREN'S TOY PARADISE: THE DISMANTLED LOWTHER ARCADE, SOON TO BECOME A PART OF MESSRS. COUTTS'S BANK.  
*The famous Arcade has now been closed for over a month, and is rapidly disappearing under the workmen's hands. Our view is taken looking from Adelaide Street towards the Strand.*



THE MAETERLINCK PLAYS IN PARIS: THE AUTHOR IN HIS HOME AT PASSY.

*During the present week Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Monna Vanna," have been given at the Opéra Comique, in Paris.*



# THE CELLARS OF RUEDA.

By "Q."

\*

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

[The story is taken from the Memoirs of Manuel (or Manus) McNeill, an agent in the secret service of the Allies during the Peninsular Campaigns of 1808-1813.]

## I.

## I ENTER THE CELLARS.

IT happened on a broiling afternoon in July 1812, and midway in a fortnight of exquisite weather, during which Wellington and Marmont faced each other across the Douro before opening the beautiful series of evolutions—or, rather, of circumvolutions—which ended suddenly on the 22nd, and locked the two armies in the prettiest pitched battle I have lived to see.

For the moment neither General desired a battle. Marmont, thrust back from Salamanca, had found a strong position where he could safely wait for reinforcements, and had indeed already collected near upon forty thousand of all arms, when, on the 8th, Bonnet marched into camp from Asturias with another six thousand infantry. He had sent, too, to borrow some divisions from Caffarelli's Army of the North. But these he expected in vain: for Bonnet's withdrawal from Asturias had laid bare the whole line of French communication, and so frightened Caffarelli for the safety of his own districts that he at once recalled the twelve thousand men he was moving down to the Douro, and in the end sent but a handful of cavalry, and that grudgingly.

All this I had the honour to predict to Lord Wellington just twelve hours before Bonnet's arrival on the scene. I staked my reputation that Caffarelli (on whom I had been watching and waiting for a month past) would not move. And Lord Wellington on the spot granted me the few days' rest I deserved—not so much in joy of the news (which, nevertheless, was gratifying) as because for the moment he had no work for me. The knot was tied. He could not attack except at great disadvantage, for the fords were deep, and Marmont held the one bridge at Tordesillas. His business was to hold on, covering Salamanca and the road back to Portugal, and await Marmont's first move.

The French front stretched as a chord across an arch of the river, which here takes a long sweep to the south; and the

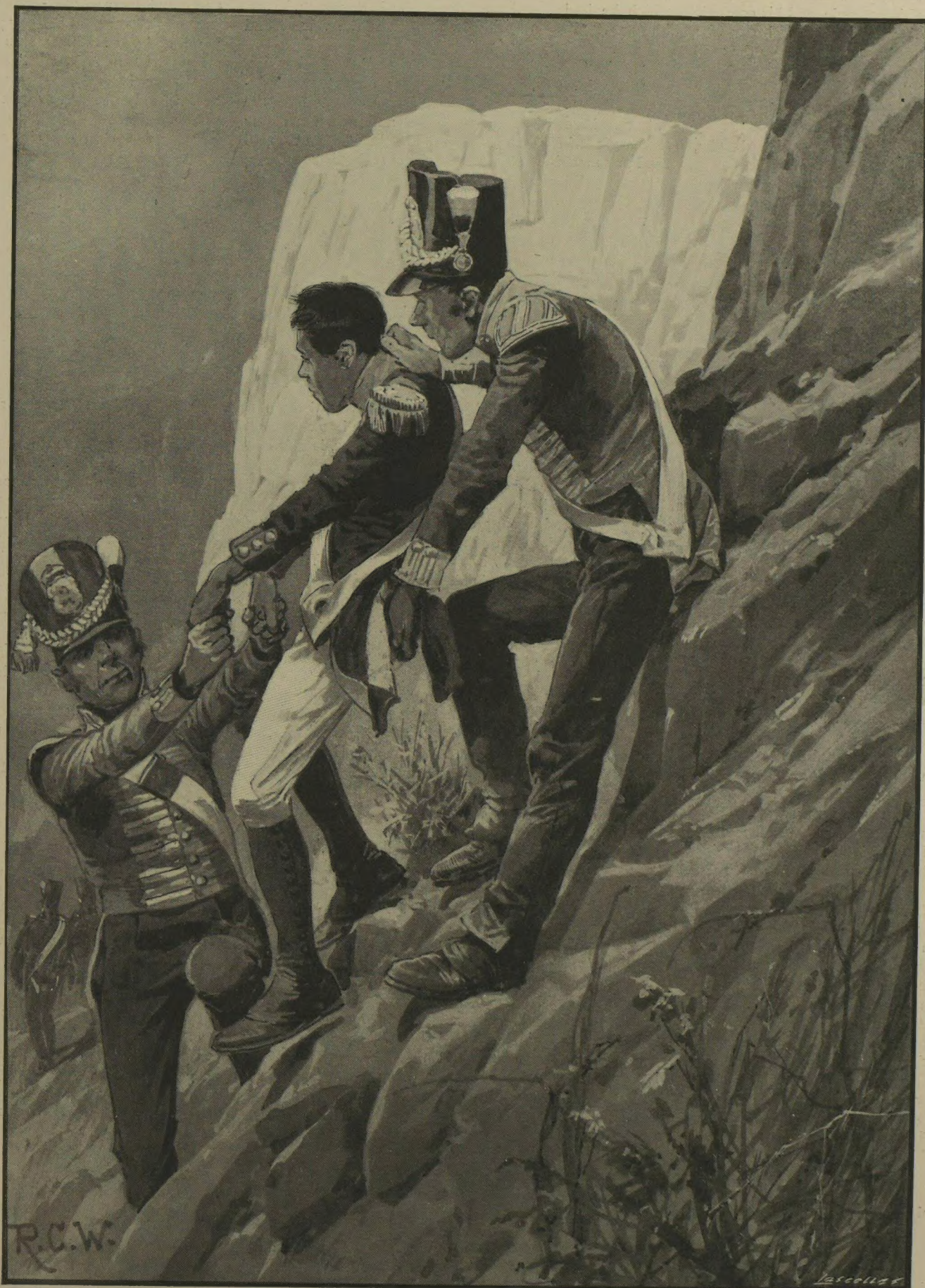
British faced it around this arc, with their left, centre, and right upon three tributary streams—the Guarena, Trabancos, and Zapardiel—over which last, and just before it joins the Douro, towers the rock of Rueda, crowned with a ruined castle.

Upon this rock—for my quarters lay in face of it, on the opposite bank of the stream—I had been gazing for the best part of an idle afternoon. I was comfortable; my *cigarritos* lay within reach; my tent gave shade enough; and through the flapway I found myself watching a mighty pretty comedy, with the rock of Rueda for its back-scene.

A more satisfactory one I could not have wished, and I have something of a connoisseur's eye. To be sure, the triangular flapway narrowed the picture, and although the upstanding rock and castle fell admirably within the frame, it cut off an animated scene on the left, where their distant shouts and laughter told me that French and British were bathing together in the river below and rallying each other on the battles yet to be fought. For during these weeks, and indeed through the operations which followed up to the moment of fighting, the armies behaved less like foes than like two teams before

a cricket-match, or two wrestlers who shake hands and afterwards grin amicably as they move in circles seeking for a hitch. Just now, however, I must have craned my neck beyond the tent door for a sight of the bathing-place: and my posture was too well chosen to be shifted. Moreover, I had a more singular example of these amenities in face of me on the rock of Rueda itself.

The cliff, standing out against the sun's glare like ivory beneath the blue, and quivering with heat, was flecked here and there with small lilac shadows; and these shadows marked the entrances of the caves with which Rueda was honeycombed. I had once or twice resolved to visit these caves; for I had heard much of their renown, and even (although this I disbelieved) that they contained wine enough to intoxicate all the troops in the Peninsula. Wine in abundance they certainly contained, and all the afternoon men singly and in clusters had been swarming in and out of these entrances like flies about a honeypot. For whatever might be happening on the Trabancos under Lord Wellington's eye, here at Rueda on the extreme right discipline for the while had disappeared: and presumably the like was true of Marmont's extreme left holding the bridge of Tordesillas. For from the bridge a short roadway leads to Rueda; and among the figures moving about the rock, diminished by



A little Frenchman whom two tall British grenadiers were guiding down the cliff.



distance though they were, I counted quite a respectable proportion of Frenchmen. No one who loves his calling ever quite forgets it: and though no one could well have appeared (or indeed felt) lazier, I was really giving my eye practice in discriminating, on this ant-hill, the drunk from the sober, and even the moderately drunk from the incapable.

There could be no doubt, at any rate, concerning one little Frenchman whom two tall British grenadiers were guiding down the cliff towards the road. And against my will I had to drop my cigarette and laugh aloud: for the two guides were themselves unsteady, yet as desperately intent upon the job as though they handled a chest of treasure. Now they would prop him up and run him over a few yards of easy ground: anon, at a sharp descent, one would clamber down ahead and catch the burden his comrade lowered by the collar with a subsidiary grip upon belt or pantaloons. But to the Frenchman all smooth and rugged came alike: his legs sprawled impartially: and once, having floundered on top of the leading Samaritan with a shock which rolled the pair to the very verge of a precipice, he recovered himself, and sat up in an attitude which, at half a mile's distance, was eloquent of tipsy reproach. In short, when the procession had filed past the edge of my tent-flap, I crawled out to watch: and then it occurred to me as worth a lazy man's while to cross the Zapardiel by the pontoon bridge below and head these comedians off upon the high-road. They promised to repay a closer view.

So I did; gained the road, and, seating myself beside it, hailed them as they came.

"My friend," said I to the leading grenadier, "you are taking a deal of trouble with your prisoner."

The grenadier stared at his comrade, and his comrade at him. As if by signal they mopped their brows with their coat-sleeves. The Frenchman sat down on the road without more ado.

"Prisoner?" mumbled the first grenadier.

"Ay," said I. "Who is he? He doesn't look like a general of brigade."

"Devil take me if I know. Who will he be, Bill?"

Bill stared at the Frenchman blankly, and rooted him out of the dust with his toe. "I wonder, now! 'Picked him up, somewheres—get up, you little pig, and carry your liquor like a gentleman. It was Mike intojuced him."

"I did not," said Mike.

"Very well, then, ye did not. I must have come by him some other way."

"It was yourself tripped over him in the cellar, up yandhar." He broke off and eyed me, meditating a sudden thought. "It seems mighty queer, that—speaking of a cellar as 'up yandhar.' Now a cellar, by rights, should be in the ground, under your fut."

"And so it is," argued Bill; "slap in the bowels of it."

"Ah, be quiet wid your bowels! As I was saying, Sor, Bill tripped over the little fellow: and the next I knew he was crying to be tuk home to camp, and Bill swearing to do it if it cost him his stripes. And that is where I come into this fatigue job: for the man's no friend of mine, and will not be looking it, I hope."

"Did I so?" Bill exclaimed, regarding himself suddenly from outside, as it were, and not without admiration. "Did I promise that? Well, then"—he fixed a sternly disapproving stare on the Frenchman—"the Lord knows what possessed me; but to the bridgehead you go, if I fight the whole of Clansel's division single-handed. Take his feet, Mike; I'm a man of my word. Hep!—ready is it? For'ard!"

For a minute or so, as they staggered down the road, I stared after them; and then upon an impulse mounted the track by which they had descended.

It was easy enough, or they had never come down alive; but the sun's rays smote hotly off the face of the rock, and at one point I narrowly missed being brained by a stone dislodged by some drunkard above me. Already, however, the stream of tipplers had begun to set back towards the camp, and my main difficulty was to steer against it, avoiding disputes as to the rule of the road. I had no intention of climbing to the castle: my whim was—and herein again I set my training a test—to walk straight to the particular opening from which, across the Zapardiel, I had seen my comedians emerge.

I found it, not without difficulty—a broad archway of rock, so low that a man of ordinary stature must stoop to pass beneath it; with, for threshold, a sill of dry fine earth which sloped up to a ridge immediately beneath the archway, and on the inner side dipped down into darkness so abruptly that as I mounted on the outer side I found myself staring, at a distance of two yards or less, into the face of an old man seated within the cave, out of which his head and shoulders arose into view as if by magic.

"Ah!" said he calmly. "Good evening, Señor. You will find good entertainment within." He pointed past him into absolute night, or so it seemed to my dazzled eyes.

He spoke in Spanish, which is my native tongue—although not my ancestral one. And as I crouched to

pass the archway I found time to speculate on his business in this cavern. For clearly he had not come hither to drink, and as clearly he had nothing to do with either army. At first glance I took him for a priest; but his bands, if he wore them, were hidden beneath a dark poncho fitting tightly about his throat, and his bald head baffled any search for a tonsure. Although a small book lay open on his lap, I had interrupted no reading; for when I came upon him his spectacles were perched high over his brows and gleamed upon me like a duplicate pair of eyes. He was patently sober, too, which perhaps came as the greatest shock of all to me, after meeting so many on my path who were patently the reverse.

I answered his salutation. "But you will pardon me, excellent Sir, for saying that you perhaps mistake the entertainment I seek. We gentlemen of Spain are temperate livers, and I will confess that curiosity alone has brought me—or say, rather, the fame of your wonderful cellars of Rueda."

I put it thus, thinking he might perhaps be some official of the caves or of the castle above. But he let the shot pass. His lean hands from the first had been fumbling with his poncho, to throw back the folds of it in courtesy to a stranger; but this seemed no easy matter, and at a sign from me he desisted.

"I can promise you," he answered, "nothing more amusing than the group with which you paused to converse just now by the road."

"Eh? You saw me?"

"I was watching from the path outside; for I too can enjoy a timely laugh."

No one, I am bound to say, would have guessed it. With his long scrag neck and great moons of spectacles, which he had now drawn down, the better to study me, he suggested an absurd combination of the vulture and the owl.

"Dios! You have good eyes, then."

"For long distances. But they cannot see Salamanca." His gaze wandered for a moment to the entrance beyond which, far below and away, a sunny landscape twinkled, and he sighed. But before I could read any meaning in the words or the sigh, his spectacles were turned upon me again. "You are Spanish?" he asked abruptly.

"Of Castile, for that matter; though not, I may own to you, of pure descent. I come from Aranjuez, where a Scottish ancestor, whose name I bear, settled and married soon after the War of Succession."

"A Scot?" He leaned forward, and his hands, which had been resting on his lap, clutched the book nervously.

"Of the Highlands?" I nodded, wondering at his agitation.

"They say that all Scotsmen in Spain know each other. Tell me, my son"—he was a priest, then, after all—"tell me, for the love of God, if you know where to find a certain Manuel McNeill, who, I hear, is a famous scout."

"That, reverend father, is not always easy, as the French would tell you; but for me, here, it happens to be very easy indeed, seeing that I am the unworthy sinner you condescend to compliment."

"You?" He drew back, incredulous. "You?" he repeated, thrusting the book into his pocket and groping on the rocky soil beside him. "The finger of God, then, is in this. What have I done with my candle? Ah, here it is. Oblige me by holding it—so—while I strike a light." I heard the rattle of a tinder-box. "They sell these candles"—here he caught a spark and blew—"they sell these candles at the castle above. The quality is indifferent and the price excessive; but I wander at night and pick up those which the soldiers drop—an astonishing number, I can assure you. See, it is lit!" He stretched out a hand and took the candle from me. "Be careful of your footsteps, for the floor is rough."

"But, pardon me; before I follow, I have a right to know upon what business."

He turned and peered at me, holding the candle high. "You are suspicious," he said, almost querulously.

"It goes with my trade."

"I take you to one who will be joyful to see you. Will that suffice, my son?"

"Your description, reverend father, would include many persons—from the Duke of Ragusa downwards—whom, nevertheless, I have no desire to meet."

"Well, I will tell you, though I was planning it for a happy surprise. This person is a kinsman of yours—a Captain Alan McNeill."

I stepped back a pace and eyed him. "Then," said I, "your story will certainly not suffice; for I know it to be impossible. It was only last April that I took leave of Captain Alan McNeill on the road to Bayonne and close to the frontier. He was then a prisoner under escort, with a letter from Marmont ordering the Governor of Bayonne to clap him in irons and forward him to Paris, where (the Marshal hinted) no harm would be done by shooting him."

"Then he must have escaped."

"Pardon me, that again is impossible; for I should add that he was under some kind of parole."

"A prisoner under escort, in irons—condemned, or at least intended, to be shot—and all the while under parole!

My friend, that must surely have been a strange kind of parole!"

"It was, and, saving your reverence, a cursed dirty kind. But it sufficed for my kinsman, as I know to my cost. For with the help of the *partidas* I rescued him, close to the frontier; and he—like the fool, or like the noble gentleman he was—declined his salvation, released the escort (which we had overpowered), shook hands with us, and rode forward to his death."

"A brave story."

"You would say so, did you know the whole of it. There is no man alive whose hand I could grasp as proudly as I grasped his at the last: and no other, alive or dead, of whom I could say, with the same conviction, that he made me at once think worse of myself and better of human nature."

"He seems, then, to have a mania for improving his fellow-men; for," said my guide, still pausing with the candle aloft and twinkling on his spectacles, "I assure you he has been trying to make a Protestant of me!"

Wholly incredulous as I was, this took me fairly between wind and water. "Did he," I stammered, "did he happen to mention the Scarlet Woman?"

"Several times: though (in justice to his delicacy, I must say it) only in his delirium."

"His delirium?"

"He has been ill; almost desperately ill. A case of sunstroke, I believe. Do I understand that you believe sufficiently to follow me?"

"I cannot say that I believe. Yet if it be not Captain Alan McNeill, and if for some purpose which—to be frank with you—I cannot guess, I am being walked into a trap, you may take credit to yourself that it has been well, nay, excellently, invented. I pay you that compliment beforehand, and for my kinsman's sake, or for the sake of his memory, I accept the risk."

"There is no risk," answered the reverend father, at once leading the way: "none, that is to say, with me to guide you."

"There is risk, then, in some degree?"

"We skirt a labyrinth," he answered quietly. "You will have observed, of course, that no one has passed us or disturbed our talk. To be sure, the archway under which you found me is one of the 'false entrances,' as they are called, of Rueda cellars. There are a dozen between this and the summit, and perhaps half-a-dozen below, which give easy access to the wine-vaults, and in any of which a crowd of goers and comers would have incommoded us. For the soldiers would seem—and very wisely, I must allow—to follow a chart and confine themselves to the easier outskirts of these caves. Wisely, because the few cellars they visit contain Val de Peñas enough to keep two armies drunk until either Wellington enters Madrid or Marmont recaptures Salamanca. But they are not adventurous: and the few who dare, though no doubt they penetrate to better wine, are not in the end to be envied. . . . Now this passage of ours is popularly, but quite erroneously, supposed to lead nowhere, and is therefore by consent avoided."

"Excuse me," said I, "but it was precisely by this exit that I saw emerge three men as honestly drunk as any three I have met in my life."

For the moment he seemed to pay no heed, but stooped and held the candle low before his feet.

"The path, you perceive, here shelves downwards. By following it we should find ourselves, after ten minutes or so, at the end of a *cul de sac*. But see this narrow ledge to the right—pay particular heed to your footsteps here, I pray you: it curves to the right, broadening ever so little before it disappears around the corner: yet here lies the true path, and you shall presently own it an excellent one." He sprang forward like a goat, and turning, again held the candle low that I might plant my feet wisely. Sure enough, just around the corner the ledge widened at once, and we passed into a new gallery.

"Ah, you were talking of those three drunkards? Well, they must have emerged by following this very path."

"Impossible."

"Excuse me, but for a scout whose fame is acknowledged, you seem fond of a word which Bonaparte (we are told) has banished from the dictionaries. Ask yourself, now. They were assuredly drunk, and your own eyes have assured you there is no wine between us and daylight. My son, I have inhabited Rueda long enough to acquire a faith in miracles, even had I brought none with me. Along this ledge our three drunkards strolled like children out of the very womb of earth. They will never know what they escaped: should the knowledge ever come to them it ought to turn their hair grey then and there."

"Children and drunkards," said I. "You know the by-word?"

"And might believe it—but for much evidence on the other side."

But I was following another thought, and for the moment did not hear him closely. "I suppose, then, the owners guard the main entrances, but leave such as this, for instance, to be defended by their own difficulty?"



"Why should any be guarded?" he asked, pausing to untie a second candle from the bunch he had suspended from his belt.

"Eh? Surely to leave all this wine exposed in a world of thieves——"

The reverend father smiled as he lit the new candle from the stump of his old one. "No doubt the wine-growers did not contemplate a visit from two armies, and such very thirsty ones. The peasants hereabouts are abstemious, and the few thieves count no more than flies. For the rest——"

He was stooping again, with his candle all but level with the ledge and a few inches wide of it. Held so, it cast a feeble ray into the black void below us: and down there—thirty feet down perhaps—as his talk broke in two like a snapped guitar-string, my eyes caught a blur of scarlet.

"For God's sake," I cried, "hold the light steady!"

"To what purpose?" he asked grimly. "That is one whom Providence did not lead out to light. See, he is broken to pieces—you can tell from the way he lies;

At length, and after crawling for at least two hundred yards, without any warning he stood erect: and this was the worst moment of all. For as he did so the light vanished—or so nearly as to leave but the feeblest glimmer, the reason being (and I discovered it with a sob) that he stood in an ample vaulted chamber while I was yet beneath the roof of the tunnel. The first thing I saw on emerging beside him was the belly of a great wine-tun curving out above my head, its recurve hidden, lost somewhere in upper darkness: and the first thing I heard was the whip of a bat's wing by the candle. My guide beat it off.

"Better take a candle and light it from mine. These creatures breed here in thousands—hear them now above us!"

"But what is that other sound?" I asked, and together we moved towards it.

Three enormous tuns stood in the chamber, and we halted by the base of the farthest, where, with a spilt pail beside him, lay a British sergeant of the 36th Regiment tranquilly snoring! That and no other was the sound, and a blessedder I never heard. I could have

## TWO ART GALLERIES.

At the gallery of Messrs. Graves in Pall Mall are to be seen Count Angelo Giallina's water-colour drawings of Spain, Italy, Greece, Corfu, and Rhodes. The very names invite; and Count Giallina has used his opportunities. Views of the Acropolis or the Parthenon, even more than views of the Alhambra or St. Mark's, Venice, are his forte; for there the subject and the manner are in exact harmony. The Count's is a classic style; he observes the conventions; and there is nothing in his careful accomplishment that smacks of the amateur. He has, indeed, a full brush of colour, alike in his skies and his costumes. The sunlight floods the scene; and has its negative evidence in the deeps and darks of shadows charged with local colour. The framing of the collection has been made something of a feature; but in some instances the broad, highly polished white frame, closely encroaching on the blue sky, is responsible for a certain effect of coldness in the blue.

At the Fine Art Society, Mr. A. Wallace Rimington, A.R.E., exhibits a series of water-colours with the rather



*It was indeed my kinsman, Captain McNeill.*

and dead, too. My son, the caves of Rueda protect themselves."

He shuffled to the end of the ledge, and there, at the entrance of a dark gallery, so low that our heads almost knocked against the rock-roof, he halted again and leaned his ear against the wall on the right.

"Sometimes where the wall is thin I have heard them crying and beating on it with their fists."

I shivered. The reader knows me by this time for a man of fair courage: but the bravest man on earth may be caught off his own ground, and I do not mind confessing that here was a situation for which a stout parentage and a pretty severe training had somehow failed to provide. In short, as my guide pushed forward I followed in knock-knee'd terror. I wanted to run. I told myself that if this indeed were a trap, and he should turn and rush upon me, I was as a child at his mercy. And he might do worse: he might blow out the light and disappear. As the gallery narrowed and at the same time contracted in height, so that at length we were crawling on hands and knees, this insanity grew. Two or three times I felt for my knife, with an impulse to drive it through his back, seize the candles and escape: nor at this moment can I say what restrained me.

kicked the fellow awake for the mere pleasure of shaking hands with him.

My guide moved on.

"But we are not going to leave him here!"

"Oh, as for that, his sleep is good for hours to come. If you choose, we can pick him up on our return."

So we left him, and now I went forward with a heart strangely comforted, although on leaving the great cellar I knew myself hopelessly lost. Hitherto I might have turned, and, fortune aiding, have found daylight: but beyond the cellar the galleries ramified by the score, and we walked so rapidly and chose between them with such apparent lack of method that I lost count. My one consolation was the memory of a burly figure in scarlet supine beneath a wine-tun.

I was thinking of him when, at the end of a passage to me indistinguishable from any of the dozen or so we had already followed, my guide put out a hand, and drawing aside a goat-skin curtain, revealed a small chamber with a lamp hanging from the roof, and under the lamp a bed of straw, and upon the bed an emaciated man, propped and holding a book.

His eyes were on the entrance; for he had heard our footsteps. And almost we broke into one cry of joy. It was indeed my kinsman, Captain McNeill.

*(To be concluded next week.)*

journalistic title of "England and Spain contrasted in Landscape and Architecture." Mr. Frederick Wedmore, in a good-humoured little preface, claims for Mr. Rimington that he has always cared for the place he has depicted: "He has not travelled only with his paint-box; he has read and inquired." The result of these inquiries is to be found in sympathetic, rather than subtle, notes supplied by Mr. Rimington. Here, however, we have no need to go outside his performance with his brush. It is to his drawing itself, and not to any explanatory paragraph, that we prefer to turn to place "The Cloisters, Pamplona," as "among the most beautiful cloisters in Spain." Among the most attractive of the drawings are "Fuentarabia, Spain," with its overhanging houses and its half-ruined castle; "Outside Valencia," with its gabled and thatched cottages, yet looking altogether Oriental, despite the cross that rises from every roof; and—to come home—"Crowland Abbey, Lincolnshire," with the pale atmospheric effects proper to the place. Some things in Spain Mr. Rimington found on a great scale—for instance, the guest-house near Manresa, which accommodates 1200 pilgrims. Less convenient to the artist was "the dense crowd"—his own phrase—which rendered difficult his out-of-door sketching at Alacuás, near Valencia. The "whole population" gathered round his easel.



ROYAL PATRONAGE OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE CONCERT GIVEN BY BLIND PUPILS BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT QUEEN'S HALL, APRIL 25.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by Lady Eva Dugdale and Commander Godfrey Faussett, were present at a concert given at Queen's Hall on April 25 in aid of the funds of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, of which the King and Queen are patrons. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Earl of Aberdeen, Bishop Barry, the Earl of St. Germans, and others. "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was sung by the choir as the royal party entered the hall. During the proceedings the Princess received about eighty purses from ladies and children. The concert, which was given by past and present pupils, assisted by a select orchestra, was a great success.



# CORONATION POTTERY: SCENES AT MESSRS DOULTON'S WORKS.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



1. THE MUG FOR THE KING'S CORONATION DINNER TO THE POOR (BOTH SIDES).
2. THE POTTER'S WHEEL.
3. MAKING JARS OF SEVERAL HUNDRED GALLONS' CONTENT. THE LATE SIR HENRY DOULTON WAS THE FIRST POTTER WHO SUCCEEDED IN MAKING A JAR OF MORE THAN EIGHT GALLONS.
4. MR. GEORGE TINWORTH, THE SCULPTOR, DECORATING A VASE. THE METHOD IS LIKE THAT ADOPTED FOR ICING CAKES—*i.e.*, MR. TINWORTH IS SQUEEZING THE CLAY IN WHICH THE DESIGN IS TRACED THROUGH A TUBE.

5. POTTERY ON A LATHE RECEIVING A BETTER FINISH THAN THE WHEEL CAN AFFORD.
6. BUILDING UP THE KILN FOR FIRING. IT IS A SPECIALITY OF MESSRS. DOULTON'S MANUFACTURE TO ENCLOSE A VERY LARGE QUANTITY OF POTTERY IN ONE KILN, AND BURN IT AT A SINGLE FIRING.

7. MAKING MEDALLIONS OF THE KING AND QUEEN FOR CORONATION POTTERY, INCLUDING CUPS FOR THE KING'S DINNER TO THE POOR. THE OPERATOR PASSES THE CLAY INTO SMALL PORTRAIT-MOULDS, LIFTS THE IMPRESSION WITH A KNIFE, AND STICKS IT UPON THE CUP OR VASE.
8. SPECIMENS OF FINISHED DOULTON WARE.



# A REMOUNT MARKET FOR BOERS AND BRITONS AT NEW ORLEANS.

DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



1. DRIVING HORSES TO THE CORRALS IN NEW ORLEANS.

2. THE BRITISH CORRALS AT NEW ORLEANS.

3. THE METHOD OF LOADING FROM WHARF TO TRANSPORT.

4. A BRITISH TRANSPORT ENGAGED IN CARRYING REMOUNTS.

Both the English and the Boer authorities are looking to the United States for remounts. In New Orleans, the chief place of export, the War Office maintains a regular staff of officers whose duty it is to inspect and purchase horses for our troops in South Africa. A representative of the Boers is also stationed there for the same purpose.



THE EXHIBITION OF PESTS TO PLANT LIFE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



EXHIBITS OF FRUIT-TREE PESTS NEWLY ADDED TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

The Caterpillars of the Goat Moth, which take four years to come to maturity, burrow into the trunks of apple, pear, and various forest trees. One of the most curious of these pests is the Woolly Aphis. The plant lice, or Aphides, are found feeding on the sap of the apple and sometimes the pear tree. The insects, especially the larvae, excrete quantities of white wool. Winged females sometimes occur, and wingless males now and then in the autumn. They pass the winter mostly in the Aphis stage. The larvae of the Codling Moth feed inside the apple and sometimes the pear, and are the cause of maggoty apples.



THE HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR COALING WAR-VESSELS.

DRAWN BY T. ROBINSON.



H.M.S. "TERRIBLE" IN A ROUGH SEA.

*His Majesty's first-class cruiser, "Terrible," attached to the China Squadron, made a new world's record for the coaling of war-vessels on April 24. In 9 hours 10 minutes 2500 tons of coal were placed in her bunkers. Admiral Bridge transferred his flag to this vessel on the 26th, when Prince Tsai Cheng, the Chinese envoy for the Coronation, inspected her. The "Terrible" also holds the record for target-practice.*



## The Parisian Academy: Notable Works at the Salon.



THE BANQUET TO THE MAYORS.—GERVEX.



EN FAMILLE.—CAROLUS DURAN



THE PARISIAN ACADEMY: NOTABLE WORKS AT THE SALON.



BOULOGNE, 1804.—M. ORANGE.  
*Copyright, 1902, by Braun, Clément, et Cie.*



A PUBLIC PRIZE DISTRIBUTION: COMPLIMENTING AN OLD SERVANT.  
H. BRISPOI.



THE PARDON FESTIVAL OF ST. ANNA.—H. GUINIER.  
*Copyright, 1902, by Braun, Clément, et Cie.*



THE PARISIAN ACADEMY: NOTABLE WORKS AT THE SALON.



LACE-MAKERS.—J. BAIL.  
*Copyright, 1902, by Braun, Clément, et Cie.*



THE ANNUNCIATION.—E. MAXENCE.  
*Copyright, 1902, by Braun, Clément, et Cie.*



THE VIATICUM.—V. LEYDET.



## THE PARISIAN ACADEMY: NOTABLE WORKS AT THE SALON.



RENAN ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.—A. BROUILLET.

THE Paris Salon is, before all things, characteristically French. Paradox in paint is everywhere to be seen. Domesticity finds something more than merely graceful expression in the "En Famille" of M. Carolus Duran. A group has rarely been treated, even by this master, with more distinction and charm. M. A. Rixens' presentment of the Pasteur Jubilee contains almost a record number of portraits, and makes sacrifices of composition to gain this end. M. Gervex in his "Banquet to the Mayors" has been less ambitious. The element almost of comedy is imported by M. Brispot into his presentment of the semi-civic function at which a public servant is receiving compliments; M. Orange contributes in his "Boulogne, 1804," the Napoleonic canvas, very



A FLEMISH RISING. HOFFBAUER.

spirited, of its conventional sort. Spirit would be out of place in M. Leydet's little group of priests and of devout peasant women in "The Viaticum"; but it shows excellent action and expression of a negative kind. M. Hoffbauer's "Flemish Rising" is not of a blood-curdling sort. It is frankly little else than a tableau-vivant. The snow effect is good. In portraying Renan, M. A. Brouillet has had several predecessors, who have brought the man much nearer to our mind and eye. As a relief comes "The Lacemakers," by M. Bail. "The Pardon of St. Anna," by M. Guinier, depicts a Breton celebration, half festal, half devotional. Religious art proper has its illustration in "The Annunciation," by M. Maxence, which has, besides its rich decoration, some very careful study of drawing from the life.



THE PASTEUR JUBILEE.—A. RIXENS.



# KING EDWARD AND THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GAME

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



1. THE ROYAL BOX. 2. SCENE FROM THE GRAND STAND.

HIS MAJESTY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE LACROSSE MATCH AT LORD'S; APRIL 26.

The match was between the Toronto players now visiting this country and the Duke of Argyll's Team. After a fine display on the visitors, the game resulted in a victory for the Canadians by eleven goals to three. Besides the King and Prince, the royal personages present included the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg with Princess Ena, and the Duchess of Argyll.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Discussing with a friend the other day the merits of that most entertaining creation of Dr. Conan Doyle's, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I happened to remark that the famous detective had simply followed out the method of Zadig. My friend professed his utter ignorance equally of the sage and his mode of applying the inexorable system of logical inference to the explanation of the facts and puzzles of existence. Since then, I have been engaged in a little study of the popular—I also mean educated—knowledge of Zadig's ways. To my surprise, I have found that in most cases my interrogation evoked a counter-inquiry concerning Zadig himself, so many of my friends had heard nothing of him at all. Some few had a dim idea that there was some story or other told of him in connection with a camel—for the rest, the method of Zadig was a blank. Yet Mr. Sherlock Holmes is (or was) one of his most devout followers. Edgar Allan Poe developed his method in his detective tales, and after one has gone through a course of Boisgobey and Gaboriau, one may well rank Father Tabaret and Lecoq as among his most eminent disciples.

More years ago than I care to number, I made my acquaintance with the method of Zadig in an essay by Huxley dealing, among other things, with the scientific mode of drawing inferences from facts. Like all that the great naturalist wrote, the article was lucid, trenchant, and convincing, and formed a commentary on the neglect of that most useful acquirement—the habit of accurate observation. The story is that of a Dervish who, alone, in the desert, approached two merchants. "You have lost a camel," said the Dervish. "We have," replied the merchants. "He was blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg," went on the Dervish. "He had also lost a tooth, and he was laden with wheat on one side of him, and with honey on the other." To the truth of these observations the merchants instantly testified. They remarked that as the Dervish must have seen the camel very recently, he probably knew where the animal was to be found, and besought him to lead them to the missing beast. "My friends," replied the Dervish, "I have not seen your camel, nor have I ever heard of him save from your own lips." Thereupon the merchants jeered at their questioner, and inquired of the jewels which formed part of the camel's cargo. "Neither camel nor jewels have I seen," retorted the holy man; but unconvinced, the merchants laid hands upon him and haled him before the administrator of justice, charging him with having stolen their animal.

After a prolonged investigation, the Dervish was honourably acquitted of the charge brought against him. Then came a second accusation. If he had not seen the camel, how could he tell so exactly its characteristics and the nature of its load? He must be a sorcerer, and, as such, demanded the attention of the Court from another point of view. Whereupon the Dervish addressed the magistrate and those assembled as follows: "I have been gratified by the surprise you have exhibited at my predictions regarding the camel, and you may have had grounds for regarding me as a sorcerer; but in the desert, living alone, I have had ample opportunity for studying the signs of things, for observation of trifles, and for drawing conclusions from what I have observed. Note how I concluded that the camel whose footprints I saw had strayed from its owner. I saw no human footprints accompanying those of the animal, so that I gathered he was lost. I knew he was blind of one eye, because he cropped the grass on one side of the road only. I saw he must be lame of one leg, because one of his footprints was of lighter impress as he limped. Then, as to his lost tooth, that I became aware of, seeing that at each tuft of grass he had seized, a portion of the herbage was left uncropped in the middle of his bite. Finally, I knew he was laden with corn on the one side and with honey on the other, by reason of the ants that swarmed to pick up the one, and of the flies that clustered after the other." The Dervish, having concluded, was discharged amid the plaudits of the hearers.

In science the same training and method which assists the tracker of the criminal affords the investigator of nature's secrets his clues and brings him face to face with the truth. Cuvier, once upon a time, was called to the quarries of Montmartre. There he found the quarrymen had exposed in a block of limestone half of the fossilised remains of a certain animal. Looking at the jaw of the animal, Cuvier remarked that when the men had cleared away the hinder half of the fossil, still concealed, they would find that it possessed marsupial bones. These last are the bones which in kangaroos and their neighbours support the pouch in which the mother animals carry their young for some time after birth. That which the great naturalist had predicted came to pass. The marsupial bones were duly found, and the occurrence of pouched mammals in the European area of the past became a matter of certainty. Like Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who from a study of tobaccos could tell the particular kind of cigar which a criminal had smoked from an inspection of its ash, Cuvier predicted the species of an unknown animal from his knowledge of one of its features.

It was often said of the late Sir R. Owen that, given the fragment of a tooth, he could build up the whole missing frame of the animal to which it had belonged. From a footprint on the sands of time, it is the business of the palæontologist to reconstruct the body of the beast that walked over the ancient mud flat. The number of joints in the imprints of the toes will give a clue whether it is reptile or bird (or a combination of both) that has walked two-footed over the old sea-beach. Thus it is that the methods of science are reflected in the affairs of ordinary life, and thus it comes about that the track of the criminal, like the footprint of the ancient crocodile or tortoise, constitutes a whole volume that can be accurately construed by the method of Zadig the Seer.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

- A W DANIEL (Newcastle).—You need never be surprised about a chess problem being full of flaws. The amended position shall have attention.
- C and L OWEN (Russia).—We are pleased No. 3023 rewarded your perseverance in solving it.
- E WATSON (King's Langley).—Your communication is scarcely intelligible; but if you meant to imply that No. 3025 can be done in two moves you are labouring under a delusion.
- R H ANDREWS (Jersey).—Your problem shall be examined and reported upon later.
- W F RATNA GOPAL (Ceylon).—Your problem seems sound, but the position is altogether too crowded for our use.
- L DESANGES. —Twenty-six pieces for a two-move problem! Do you consider how our diagram would look with such a position?
- C VINCENT BERRY. —Your problem can be solved by 1. Kt to K 7th, etc.
- W T PIERCE. —No. 3 can also be solved by 1. Q to K 8th (ch). The others shall appear in due course.
- FIDELITAS. —Correct at last, and shall be published.
- J W McILVENNY. —To the London office only.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3019 and 3020 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3021 from T Dell (Callander, Ceylon), Richard Burke, and Banarsi Das; of No. 3022 from J W McIlvenny (Toronto); of No. 3023 from Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia) and G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill); of No. 3024 from Walter Courtenay Bennett (Windsor) and Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3025 from Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C W Porter (Crawley), and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells).

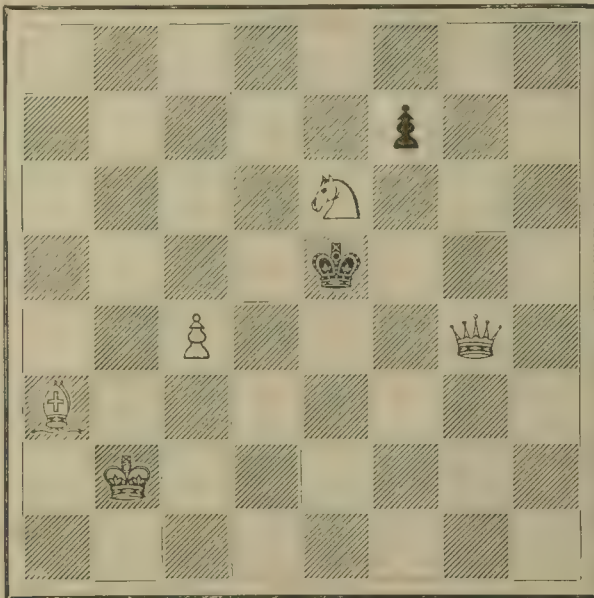
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3026 received from Thomas M Eglinton (Handsworth), G T Hughes (Dublin), T Roberts, Edith Corser (Reigate), Reginald Gordon, H Le Jeune, Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), Alpha, Thomas Shoebridge (Nutley), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Charles Burnett, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Martin F, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), L Desanges, F J S (Hampstead), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), R Worters (Canterbury), W Clare Brown (Brighton), Hereward, F S Taylor (Hunstanton), C W Porter (Crawley), W D Easton (Sunderland), J Coad, E J Winter Wood, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), C H Allen and A J Allen (Hampstead), W D S Brownrigg, Shadforth, James Naylor (Wolverhampton), and Edward H Johnson (Great Yarmouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3025.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

- |                |            |
|----------------|------------|
| WHITE.         | BLACK.     |
| 1. Kt to K 6th | B to Kt sq |
| 2. Kt to B 7th | Any move   |
| 3. Mates.      |            |

PROBLEM No. 3028.—By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in N.Y. between Mr. E. DELMAR and Dr. B. LASKER.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

- |   |                |   |                 |
|---|----------------|---|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. D.)  | BLACK (Dr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. D.)  | BLACK (Dr. L.)  |
| 1. P to Q 4th   | P to Q 4th     | 18. P to Q R 4th  | B to Q B 3rd    |
| 2. P to K 3rd   | Kt to K B 3rd  | 19. P to Q Kt 3rd   | P to Q Kt 4th   |
| 3. B to Q 3rd   | P to B 4th     | 20. P takes Kt P  | R P takes P     |
| 4. P to Q B 3rd   | P to K 3rd     | 21. B to Kt 2nd   |                 |
| 5. P to K B 4th   |                | White's game now goes off. He has no opening for attack, and must wait his fate.    |                 |
| A sort of "stone-wall" variation, attempting to build up an impregnable position. The move is, however, of doubtful value, and is inferior to Kt to K 2nd or Kt to B 3rd. |                |   |                 |
| 6. Kt to B 3rd  | Kt to B 3rd    | 22. Q R to Q sq   | Q to Q 2nd      |
| 7. Castles  | B to K 2nd     | 23. P takes B P   | P to Q B 5th    |
| 8. Kt to K 5th  | B to Q 2nd     | 24. R to R sq   | P takes P       |
| 9. Kt to Q 2nd  | R to B sq      | 25. Q takes P   | R to R sq       |
| 10. Q Kt to B 3rd   | B to K sq      | 26. R takes R   | P to B 5th      |
| 11. K to R sq   | Kt to K 5th    | Very good. If now 27. P takes P, P to K 6th; 28. Kt to B 3rd, B takes Kt, and wins. |                 |
| This partly explains why 5. P to B 4th is inferior. The Knight cannot be driven off now by any Pawn.  |                |   |                 |
| 12. B takes Kt  | P takes B      | 27. Kt to B sq  | B to Q Kt 4th   |
| 13. Kt to Q 2nd   | P to B 3rd     | 28. R to R 8th (ch)   | K to B 2nd      |
| 14. Kt to K 4th   | Kt takes Kt    | 29. Q to Kt 3rd   | B takes Kt      |
| 15. Kt to K 5th   | Kt takes Kt    | 30. Q to Q sq   | B takes P (ch)  |
| 16. B P takes Kt  | R to Q B 2nd   | 31. K takes B   | P to B 6th (ch) |
| 17. Q to K 2nd  | P to Q R 3rd   | 32. K to R sq   | Q to Kt 4th     |
|   |                | 33. R to R 2nd  | Q to K 7th      |

## CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played in the match between SOUTH and WEST AUSTRALIA.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

- |  |                               |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|--|-------------------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. W. J. McArthur, S.A.)   | BLACK (Mr. W. S. Viner, W.A.) | WHITE (Mr. W. J. McArthur, S.A.)   | BLACK (Mr. W. S. Viner, W.A.) |
| 1. P to K 4th  | P to K 4th                    | 14. Q to Q 2nd   | Q to Kt 5 (ch)                |
| 2. P to K B 4th  | P takes P                     | 15. Kt to Kt sq  | K to B 2nd                    |
| 3. P to B 4th  | Q to R 5th (ch)               | 16. P to Q B 3rd   | K to B 2nd                    |
| 4. K to B sq   | P to Kt 4th                   | 17. K to B 2nd   | P to Q 3rd                    |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3rd   | B to Kt 2nd                   | 18. Kt to Kt sq  | Q to K 3rd                    |
| 6. P to Q 4th  | Kt to K 2nd                   | 19. B to R 5th   | R to K 2nd                    |
| 7. Kt to B 3rd   | Q to R 4th                    | 20. P takes P  | P takes P                     |
| 8. P to K 5th  |                               | 21. B to B 3rd   | B to Kt 2nd                   |
| It is better not to disturb the centre Pawns until it becomes compulsory. Now Black can soon play Kt to K B 4th effectively, and this advance really becomes White's weak point. |                               |  |                               |
| 9. Kt to Q Kt 5th  | Q Kt to B 3rd                 | 22. Kt to R 3rd  | Kt to K 6th                   |
| 10. Kt to Kt sq  | K to Q sq                     | 23. Q to K 2nd   |                               |
| 11. Kt to B 3rd  | P to Q R 3rd                  | White is altogether too late with his King's Rook. The play is not easily understood, but the game possesses interest. |                               |
| 12. Kt to K 2nd  | P to Q Kt 4th                 | 24. Q to Q 2nd   | Q to Kt 5 (ch)                |
| 13. Kt to K 4th  | P to R 3rd                    | 25. Kt to Kt sq  | K to B 2nd                    |
| It looks as if 13. P to K 6th afforded White a better chance.  |                               |  |                               |
| 14. Kt to B 2nd  | Q to Kt 3rd                   | 26. Kt (R 3) to B 2  | Q R to K sq                   |
| White's play of the two Knights loses time. We prefer B to Q 3rd.  |                               |  |                               |
| 15. Kt to K 4th  |                               | 27. P to Q Kt 3rd  | Q to K 3rd                    |
| 16. P to K 5th   |                               | 28. Kt takes Kt  | P takes Kt                    |
| 17. P to Q 5th   |                               | 29. P to Q 5th   | Q to B 4th                    |
| 18. P takes Kt   | P takes B                     | 30. P takes Kt   | P takes B                     |
| 19. Q to Q sq  |                               | 31. P takes B  | R to K 7th                    |
| 20. K to B sq  |                               | 32. Q to Q sq  | K takes P (ch)                |
| 21. Kt to B sq   |                               | 33. K to B sq  | Q to K 6th                    |
| 22. Kt takes P   |                               | 34. Kt takes P   | P takes Kt                    |

Black wins.

## WITH THE WAGONS.

BY AN IMPERIAL YEOMAN.

Of all jobs likely to make the keen mounted man curse under his moustaches, that of accompanying the convoy is the most unwelcome. It is a dull job, a thankless job, a job that makes the soul groan aloud in sheer weariness—a job performed well, for which you rarely get a word of thanks or of recognition; performed ill, or even unsuccessfully, and endless reproach is heaped upon your unfortunate head. And yet it is work as important as any in the field: upon its successful performance everything depends: troops at out-stations far away from the line must have stores, food, ammunition, or where would they be? But it is not showy work, and it appeals to no gallery, so it is spoken of slightly, as is the way of the world and the service.

Ah me, those dreary morns, those scorching noonday halts, those incredibly long and nerve-torturing nights. In the grey light of a South African dawn, when the night mists still linger in the air, and the cold rising from the damp-laden grass chills the very souls within us, and our frost-stiffened fingers tug tremulously at buckle and strap, and can scarcely feel the reins between our grip, we set forth silently and sombrely. Heavily, the great ship-like bullock-wagons get under weigh, the huge, patient beasts lowing protestingly as their dusky drivers wield their long whips. Presently over the hills comes the sun, and as his first feeble rays flicker across the plain and tinge the grey kopjes into living things of moving saffron and gold, and the welcome warmth strikes on our chilled bodies—aye, and deeper, into our weary souls—we could shout aloud for very gladness of heart. Ah, we know why the "untutored heathen" worships the sun—we are all pagans now for the moment!

Later, that self-same monarch of the skies, waxing lustier, oppresses us with his might; our eyes are dim with the glare, the long rolling veld dances before us, and the dust-devils away in the distance assume all sorts of fantastic shapes; and our only thought is the midday halt and a rest in such shade as can be found. A sip of something wet, a nibble of biscuit, a few draws from a pipe; then we crawl under a wagon, put up a blanket on the sunny side, and lie semi-comatose until the time comes to go on our weary way once more.

If we march by day and rest at night, there is, when the shadows draw in again and the cool of the evening descends upon us delicious and reinvigorating, a period of repose and respite. One looks back with pleasant satisfaction to the evenings when fuel was plentiful and rations "full," and the farms not yet denuded entirely of poultry; we had washed, we fed, and we smoked in a frame of placid contentment unknown in our more civilised days. Then between the blankets—and six or seven hours of oblivion until the new day awoke us to its duties and its cares.

But sometimes night marching was "the order of the day," and then— Shall we ever forget some of these nights; the dreary, spectre-like procession, winding its sinuous and unwilling way across mile after mile of apparently impenetrable murkiness, the physical weariness of it and the mental strain! Hearing nothing, seeing nothing; physical weariness wedded to a brain that cannot rest; ears ever on the alert to catch the slightest sound; eyes straining through the gloom in front and away to the flanks to catch sight of the slightest sign that may denote the presence of those who would despoil us of the treasure we are guarding. Night after night of this either makes a man all nerves, strung up and responsive to the slightest stimulus, instinctively bringing his rifle to "the ready" at the slightest unusual sound or sight; or it may be that the tension relaxes, and he neither troubles nor cares what may befall him or his charge, and contentedly goes to sleep in his saddle. So we drag along until the morning; nerves worn out with long bracing up; too wearied to sleep; sick with waiting and watching for the trouble that never comes.

"Never comes"—yes, sometimes; but there is little joyousness, small portion of the lust of strife, in a convoy fight—for the defenders. There is too much at stake.

A more than usually difficult drift to be negotiated; the wagons are axle-deep in mud; the "boys" shout and crack their whips in vain; we dismount, and wading into the ice-cold water, try what a dozen pairs of hands on the spokes will do. It is no use—we must unload. A halt is called just as the faintest brownish streak across the black vault overhead tells of the coming of day.

Then a sound—long expected, and yet, when it does come, coming with startling unexpectedness—cuts sharp across the stillness of the morn. Followed immediately by another louder sound away in the distance. "Phut—bang." The ball has opened! Our officer, prompt to grasp the situation, gallops back from the head of the column, bringing with him every available man, with voice and gesture gets the alarmed "boys" under control, the plunging mules and frightened oxen are quieted down, the wagons drawn up into some sort of order. Meanwhile we dismount, and—for it is yet too dark to look along sights—lying down, fire in the direction of the flashes which are now pretty numerous along the hillside. It grows lighter, and we can distinguish forms coming down to the level ground—they mean to rush us. A few, more adventurous, do get pretty close, but we can take aim now, and the reception they get is too warm—they break round our flanks, where they are again welcomed with a warmth that obviously disconcerts them. The process of lightening the wagon has gone on all the time, regardless of the whistling bullets. Hurrah! she is on the move now, and up the other side—loaded—and moving off with the rest. The fire slackens, then dies away; would we were stronger, we might have a glorious pursuit.

We have two casualties—both slight. The attack on our convoy has failed—this time. And the little dust-up has done us good—put us in a better humour with ourselves. Still, it might have been otherwise—we have known it so—and we are not likely to forget it. And the thought prevents anything like undue pride over our own better luck.



PICTURESQUE PARIS: THE FLOWER MARKET NEAR THE MADELEINE.

DRAWN BY G. AMALD.



AN EVENING SCENE IN THE MARKET: THEATRE-GOERS BUYING FLOWERS.

*On both sides of the Church of the Madeleine, flower-stalls are erected on the pavements. These are protected from the weather by tarpaulin and canvas. In the evening, when the market is thronged with theatre-goers, the effect of the light upon the brilliant blossoms is picturesque in the extreme.*



## LADIES' PAGE.

Thanks to Princess Christian's kindly offices, the ladies of the Royal School of Art Needlework have had the honour of embroidering the King's Coronation mantle. It is of a peculiar shape, almost a square, two of the corners fastening on the chest with a great clasp. The design for the Queen's crown is not yet finally decided upon, and the question of whether it shall contain the Koh-i-Noor is not settled. That "Mountain of Light" is at present set as a brooch as nearly clear as possible; it might possibly be made into a more effective ornament than it now presents, but it would hardly be utilised to the utmost if set in a form so seldom available for wearing as the State crown. It is amusing to learn that Queen



BLOUSE IN PLEATED CHIFFON AND LACE.

Charlotte wore at her Coronation a number of diamonds that had been hired for the occasion; but Queen Alexandra has a splendid selection of gems, and will have no need to go beyond her own possessions for the utmost magnificence of adornment.

The Queen is not very fond of jewellery, and is more often seen in the daytime with two or three Maréchal Niel or Niphotos roses at her throat than with a big diamond brooch; while even at the theatre she often dons only one or two modest ornaments; but on the occasions when splendour is necessary, nobody wears abundant jewels more gracefully. Courts are naturally among these occasions, and her Majesty's ornaments at her first Court were very beautiful. By the way, I hear that the pressure of applications for admission to the forthcoming Courts is very great, and is causing the Lord Chamberlain some difficulty. It has always been understood that any lady who has been presented is entitled to attend Court again from time to time. Naturally, one and all of those who consider themselves entitled to go wish to be present at one of the Coronation year functions, and rumour places the number of applications at twenty thousand—in which case there will be many disappointed people!

Weddings are numerous at this time of year; Lent is barred to observers of times and seasons, and superstition stands in the way of marriages in May. The brief interval is therefore eagerly taken advantage of by intending venturers on the dangerous sea of matrimony. That May should be considered an unlucky month is a curious survival from pagan times. It was Diana's month, and that goddess, as we know, was not much in favour of marriages. Every morning has seen a fashionable wedding during the last week or two. A very pretty one at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was that of Miss Ruby Spencer-Churchill, Lord Edward Churchill's daughter, to Captain Bathurst, brother of Earl Bathurst. The bride wore that most popular combination of the season, white and silver; her gown of ivory satin was veiled with net elaborately embroidered with silver, and the train was of silver tissue over ivory satin, trimmed all round with orange-blossoms and chiffon frills. The bridesmaids were also in white;

but ruby panne, in compliment to the bride's name, formed waistbelts and choux on the bodices. An original and extremely pretty personal note was introduced in the wedding of Miss Gertrude Howden, who married Mr. A. Lampson at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on April 23. The bride is a very distinguished past student of the Royal Academy of Music, having carried off an important medal as a pianist; and in allusion to this art the brooches given by the bridegroom to the bridesmaids represented the treble clef, in enamel, and the five lines of the staff in gold, with the initials of the wedded pair's Christian names set thereupon in diamonds. This bride had a pretty train of white satin draped with striped gauze, the bodice trimmed with a beautiful lace berthe; while her maids had dresses in floral-patterned silk organdie and white hats with long streamers of satin ribbon from Alsatian bows set at the back. Miss Isabel Jay, the popular prima donna of Savoy opera, has retired from the stage on her marriage. This is a great sacrifice in most cases, and many women who have made it have told me how deeply they have felt it. Madame Nordica, for one, said that there was not a day on which she did not feel regret for her professional life during the time that she was away from it when Mrs. Gower. Sometimes, however, as in Miss Mary Anderson's case, the retirement into private life is congenial. Miss Jay's wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the service was strikingly plain; no solo anthem, no flowers; the bride wore a very simple gown of white Roman satin and chiffon, and had but two bridesmaids, both clad in white glacé and tuscan hats. Another theatrical wedding was that of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's daughter; her bridesmaids looked particularly pretty in wreaths of purple iris worn with blue muslin gowns. Several of the younger members of families "in the peerage" have married in the famous few weeks; curiously, the daughters of both the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General were wedded in one week. But there is a certain necessary monotony about weddings. Classic simplicity is out of date, and silver and pearl embroideries are used very generally at present.

Whatever may be said about married women working for wages as a matter of public policy, it is clear that a great many girls must remain unmarried in this overstocked country; there were a million more women than men at the time of the last census, and the war has since then taken away many thousands of young men, and either killed or permanently disabled them. For the women who cannot marry, self-support is inevitable, and the battle of life is so hard that I would not be one of the men who venture to take it on their consciences to close to women any respectable occupation. The Glasgow magistrates have decided to compel the license-holders of their city to cease to employ barmaids. Of course, there is much that is undesirable in this occupation for women, but the responsibility of shutting any avenue to support to a large body of pretty young women is awful in the present state of the world. Barmaids' hours are too long, the advocates of their abolition assert. But in the temperance tea-rooms of this Metropolis the girls are employed for ten hours daily at a wage (without any food) of twelve shillings a week, while the shareholders pocket 37 per cent. on their investment. It is a far more dangerous thing to pay a girl less than a living wage than it is to let her earn a decent livelihood behind a bar; of that I feel sure.

Notwithstanding population problems, elections, clerical troubles, and the manifesto issued by a dozen great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain who have announced that they do not intend to wear any pretty clothes or give any entertainments till the nation dismisses its present Government, Paris is as gay and smiling as ever, and on my recent customary visit on sartorial studies bent, I was as much struck as usual with the excellent taste of the French dress-world. There is a curious slowness in the arrival of fashions in our midst. Our present models are still almost exactly like those of last summer. Not so are the Paris dresses. The basque is there so largely used as to make quite a change. It is often seen only small in front, or not existing there at all, and deep behind; but on almost every gown that makes a pretension to style there is more or less of a continuation beyond the waist-line of the cut of the bodice. It is not clear if the Louis coat, with its full-skirted, rather long basque all round, is to conquer, or if the postilion or habit-tail appearing at the back alone will retain the suffrages of the best-dressed women. At present it looks as if the latter is the most fashionable; but some sort of finish below the waist-line is quite usual, even if it be merely a trimming simulating a tail set on the top of the skirt, and an actual basque is generally admitted. Often these are either rounded away from the front, or cut off short at the hips, the blouse front being retained. The fashionable materials are so soft that it is not easy to make the fronts of corsages fall well if too long basqued.

Fashion is giving great attention to the small accessories of the toilet. The boas of the season are many of them so large on the shoulder as to deserve to be called pelerines. Their long ends descend nearly to the feet, while the shoulders are covered with capes three or four tiers deep. In silk, these little capes are quite adequately protective against the amenities of the English spring's favourite easterly winds. In the flimsy fabrics that are purely decorative, the ruffle of the hour will be seen as the weeks go on; but still, apparently, it will be as full on the shoulder and as long in front as a Marie Antoinette fichu. Point d'esprit net edged with black satin baby-ribbon, chiffon decorated with rose-petals round the edges, and falling to the end of the stole front, and white spotted muslin with edging of Brussels appliqué are very pretty forms of this fussy and becoming finish. Lattice-work of fancy chené ribbon over creamy mousseline was used in another case; and embroidered lawn with black velvet rosettes was excellent.

Our Illustrations give us two pretty designs for the ever useful and serviceable blouse, and incidentally introduce us also to fashionable boas. That blouse in pleated chiffon trimmed with white lace has a novel sleeve, gathered full into the shoulder and caught under a band of lace above the elbow, with a strapping of the same below the band, and a cuff of lace. The boa is of white point d'esprit net edged with black velvet baby-ribbon. On the rough straw hat two black wings are set amidst folds of chiffon. The other blouse is in canvas, with yoke and sleeves of pleated chiffon, held down with velvet ribbon and diamond buckles; lace is laid epaulette-fashion upon the shoulders. This boa is of black chiffon edged with white lace. The hat is characteristic of the modes of the moment in its flatness of shape and in the bow set against the hair behind; it is a coarse straw trimmed with spotted ribbon and black velvet. Lace collars in every form are still as popular as ever. The shapes are square, round, and Vandyke. A chené ribbon is occasionally let in after the fashion of insertion.

Fashion changes in furniture as well as in dress, and as we are all refurbishing in honour of the Coronation it is as well to note that the new bedstead, to be up-to-date, must be of wood. The old objections to this are obviated



BLOUSE IN FOLDED CANVAS.

by the use of iron laths, and also by improved methods of taking down the erection when necessary. Messrs. Heal, of Tottenham Court Road, are specialists in bedroom furnishings, having a very old-standing reputation in this direction, and their stock of the newest bedsteads includes wood frames of all kinds, from the simple green-stained ones that are so artistic in certain styles of rooms to finely decorated mahogany or stately fumed oak. Of course they have also brass and iron bedsteads galore. Every sort of bedding, too, can be selected at this house, and bedroom furniture and fittings of every description. It is all very refined and artistic in design. For window draperies, Messrs. Heal have a speciality in their "casement flax," unfading in colour and very soft in texture.

FILOMENA.



# "IF YOU SEEK HIS MONUMENT, LOOK AROUND"

IS THE INSCRIPTION UPON THE TOMB OF THE WORLD-FAMED DESIGNER OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

If one wished to seek a monument to one of the most successful business enterprises in this country, it is only necessary to look over this page, where are depicted the various establishments of the "West End Clothiers Company." There are no fewer than seven in the Metropolis alone, and the ramifications of this useful firm are now extended to Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Edinburgh. In every case the opening of the respective branches has been followed by an extraordinary rush of business, and the welcome "West End" establishment has in every case brought about a complete revolution in the



242, OXFORD STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS.

clothing trade of the district in which it has reared its crest. The secret of this success has been found in a close adherence to the motto of the Company—the best at the cheapest price. By their necessarily enormous purchases of cloth, the firm are enabled to command the market and to secure all the newest and best consignments at rates quite out of the reach of smaller buyers. At every branch of this Company none but the most expert London cutters are employed, men who are enabled



1 AND 2, POULTRY, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

by their skill to earn the large salaries paid. In this way the most fashionable styles are ensured even in the cheapest garments.

The rise and progress of the "West End Clothiers Company" reads like a commercial romance. Starting, originally, from the Gracechurch Street establishment, the management, as though shod with the famous seven-leagued boots, turned its footsteps westward, and planted branches successively in the Poultry, Ludgate Hill, the



71 AND 72, STRAND, W.C.

Strand, Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road, and Regent Street, and then sought fresh woods and pastures new in the far North. Each establishment is well and prominently situated, and cost has never been spared in securing a site once selected. Anyone acquainted with the value of property in London will know what this means.

Each branch seems to have its own peculiarity, and to be just suited to the wants of the people around it.



37, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

Thus the best customers of the Poultry Branch emanate from the Stock Exchange and the big banking-houses in the heart of the City, the business done there being of a very fashionable and high-class character. The original establishment in Gracechurch Street, the forerunner of the others, has a big shipping business, and is very popular amongst the workers in the great hives of industry in the further city, docks, etc. The building



4, OXFORD STREET, W.

on Ludgate Hill serves a very useful purpose, as, in addition to its enormous middle-class trade, the management has won a name for special liveries for hotels and clubs, and also naval and military uniforms. The Strand house has become very popular with Americans, who, staying in the large hotels adjacent, are attracted by the quality and superior finish of the cloth shown in the windows. A considerable number of the higher grade of sporting gentlemen and barristers from



65, 66, AND 67, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

the Temple support this important branch. No. 242, Oxford Street, Oxford Circus, is an ideal spot for a business, and it commands a very high-class West End trade. Another establishment, at No. 4, Oxford Street, commands quite a cosmopolitan trade; while the branch in Regent Street is in the centre of aristocratic clubland, and is patronised by very fashionable habitués of the West End.

In the provinces one of the best branches is that at Liverpool, next to the Bank of England. Here a magni-



66, REGENT STREET, W.

ficent business is done, not only in the local trade, but in foreign visitors' orders. Manchester is, of course, the centre of a very large population, and the Mecca of every buyer of cotton and silk. This is a particularly busy branch, the local folk naturally being expert judges of what is good. A Yorkshire man dearly loves a bargain, and the establishment at the corner of Albion Street and Boar Lane, Leeds, is usually crowded, for it is recognised by the whole of the woollen manufacturers as showing the smartest stuff in the trade. In far-away Edinburgh the



39, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

branch is situated in North Bridge, the most prominent corner in a city full of corners. Edinburgh people have shown their appreciation of the establishment by taxing its resources to the utmost. Sheffield is a conservative old town, and when the "keen blades" saw that the "West End Clothiers" had "come to stay," and was not a mere flash in the pan, as some such experiments are, they took it to their hearts, and have made the High Street shop literally hum with business. Such a record of branches as this enterprise in the clothing trade has never previously been known.

A great feature of the "West End Clothiers" business is that the whole of the garments made by their different branches are produced in their own model sanitary shops. This is a matter of no inconsiderable

importance, especially in the present epidemic of contagious diseases. The Company's progress is best exemplified by the fact that nearly three hundred thousand customers' names are retained on their books. The work turned out is so excellent that it is very rare indeed for one who has once dealt with them to make any change and go elsewhere for his clothes.

The Coronation year seems to offer a very great charm to people, especially in London. Everybody requires something new—new paint, new decorations, and new clothes. The "West End Clothiers Company" have made every



33 AND 35, CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

provision for this. They have got out special patterns, special goods, special cuts, and special prices to suit all and sundry, from the King to the peasant. In the old days the ordering of a new suit of clothes was a momentous matter. Now it requires hardly a second thought. When a man can secure a pair of trousers of the best cut for half-a-guinea, or a complete suit of the best cloth for thirty-seven and sixpence, he can afford to be reckless, as he can get two or



57, BOAR LANE, LEEDS.

three suits for the price he used to give, before the reform came, for a single one.

A good deal of credit attaches to the "West End Clothiers" for having brought about this change. In the old days tailors had matters very much their own way. In some cases they demanded an introduction before they would serve or measure a customer, and by their system of long credits they charged high prices, which would be absolutely prohibitive now. To see the great change which



41, HIGH STREET, SHEFFIELD.

has been brought about by the agency of the "West End Clothiers" one has only to go up to the various shops of the aristocratic "West," and notice that the system of marking prices has now been generally introduced. The world has to thank the "West End Clothiers Company" for this. They were the first to penetrate the stronghold of monopoly and to give the people value for their money at popular prices. Their West End establishments are amongst the finest and most handsome shops in London.



3, NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

They are patronised by the nobility, gentry, and members of the higher grades of the Army and Navy, besides the Bench, the Bar, and the sporting fraternity, and the upper and middle classes generally. The cloth supplied proves its goodness and quality by wear. The cut and shape are apparent even to a casual observer. Wherever a Branch "West End Clothiers Company" is opened, it is a boon and a blessing to the neighbourhood.



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The closing of the Abbey has had one notable effect in the great increase of congregations at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Not since the greatest days of Dean Farrar has this historic church been so crowded.

The serious accident to the Bishop of Peterborough caused deep regret among Dr. Carr Glyn's old friends in Kensington parish, of which he was Vicar for nineteen years. St. Mary Abbot's Church has been fortunate in such a succession of able clergymen as Dr. MacLagan, now Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Peterborough, and Canon Pennefather.

The Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Moule have returned to England from the South of France, and have taken up their residence at Auckland Castle. Mrs. Moule has been spending the winter abroad for the benefit of her health.

Bishop Quirk is already the most popular preacher in Sheffield. On the third Sunday after Easter he spoke twice on behalf of the New Churches scheme, by which the spiritual needs of poor and populous districts are being met. The Bishop said that before he came to Yorkshire he had worked in London, and he remembered a friend of his, the Vicar of a West-End church, saying that there were no fewer than forty lords in his congregation, while another Vicar had told him that he had ten millionaires

attending the church. One would like to know the names of these fortunate clergy. The Bishop eloquently contrasted such wealthy districts with the London parishes which had 18,000 people squeezed into half a square mile.

supply, and his Majesty has graciously accepted, a gift of a tin of their King or Queen Chocolate for all the guests who will participate in the King's Coronation Dinner. The chocolate will be packed in tins handsomely and appropriately decorated.

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Photo. Jones, Kingston-on-Thames.

A MEETING OF EAST AND WEST: VISCOUNT HAYASHI, THE JAPANESE MINISTER, UNVEILING THE RESTORED STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE, AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

In celebration of the bicentenary of Queen Anne's coronation on April 23, the renovated statue of that sovereign, which stands outside the Kingston Town Hall, was unveiled by Viscount Hayashi. His Excellency congratulated the Mayor on the cordial relations which existed between Great Britain and Japan.

The Bishop of Worcester lately visited Droitwich, and received an address from the corporation and clergy. He urged that more friendly relations should be cultivated between the various sections of the Church and Non-conformity, and said that, so long as he presided over the diocese, he should endeavour to conduct its affairs without showing partiality for his own section of the Church.

The Bishop of Gibraltar has been visiting Smyrna, where he consecrated the church of St. John the Evangelist and held a confirmation. The ceremony was a very striking one, as many Eastern dignitaries were present, including the Archbishop of Ephesus and the acting Bishop of Smyrna. The Armenians were represented by their Archbishop. St. John's, which replaces the old Consular Church, is a handsome building in the Early English style.

Prebendary Allen Whitworth, Vicar of All Saints', Margaret Street, has recovered from his serious illness, and hopes to resume work on Sunday. V.

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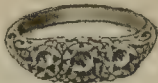
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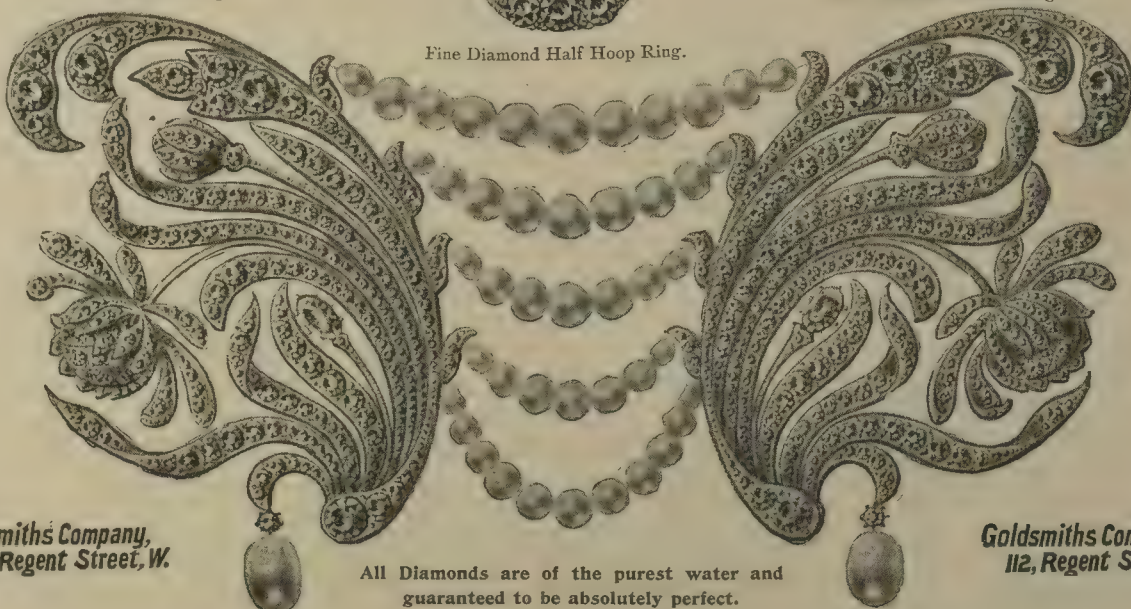
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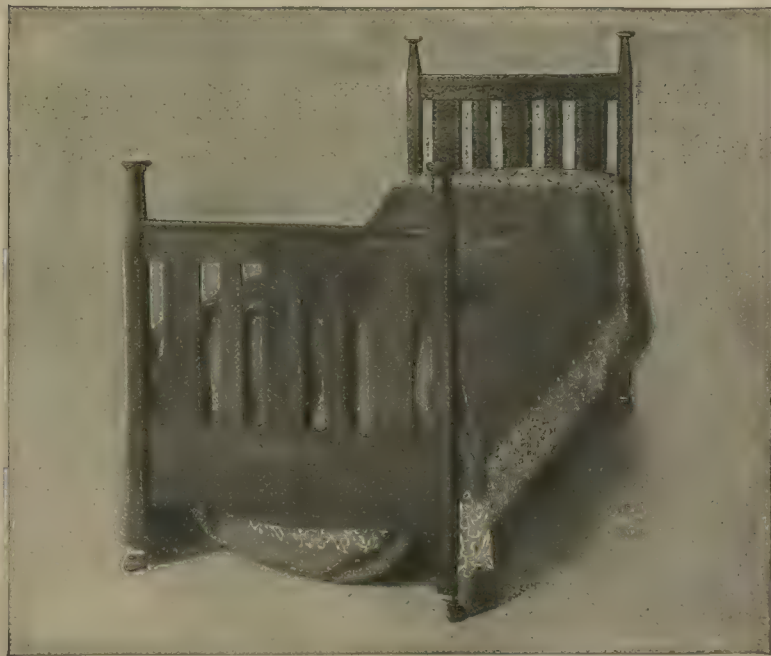
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## MUSIC.

At the St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, April 21, the Masked Serenaders gave a concert before a very large audience. They were assisted by Miss Helen Mar, who told some really excellent short stories, some witty and some pathetic, notably one of "Hide and Seek," in which an old lady and a little lame boy play the game in imagination. Mr. Charles Capper also gave some clever whistling performances. The Masked Serenaders include one beautiful voice, a contralto, and give evidence of being able to do bright and amusing work out of doors; their *ensemble* is hardly sufficiently finished for a concert platform; and they exaggerate lights and shades, and have an irritating way of singing too slowly — notably, in "Love's Nocturne," of Kellie, and "The sweetest flower that blows," of Hawley. This is, however, no fault, but rather a virtue, in the open air, as is also, the harshness in the vibrations of the men's voices.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrington Willis gave an interesting entertainment at the Queen's Hall on April 23, and as it was the three hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of Shakspeare's birth, the first half of the programme was entirely devoted to Shakspeare. Miss Ethel Bartlett (Mr. Carrington Willis's pupil) made her debut, and gave evidence of artistic taste and a talent for clear enunciation and phrasing.

On Saturday, April 26, the Joachim Quartet chamber concerts were begun at the St. James's Hall. Dr. Joachim, Herr Emmanuel Wirth, Professors Halir and Hausmann work admirably together, and present a high standard of excellence. Dr. Joachim is avowedly a worshipper of Beethoven, and it is not surprising that

Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind. The executants, excepting only the orchestra, were past and present pupils of the institution. The concert was carried through with great accuracy and precision, and was highly to be commended. The soloists, Master Leonard Pegg (who played intelligently and faithfully the pianoforte part of the first movement of the Fifth Concerto in E flat of Beethoven), and Miss Mabel Davis and Miss Emily Lucas, were admirable, and seemed in no way to need their eyes. The choir, perhaps, was less responsive to the baton, which was held by Sir Hubert Parry, when they sang his "Blest Pair of Sirens." The Prince and Princess of Wales, who received purses for the institution, were both present.

Miss Marguerite Macintyre and Mr. Gregory Hast gave a recital on Friday afternoon at the St. James's Hall, which was chiefly noticeable for some excellent new duets of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, entitled "Consider the Lilies," "Boy Johnny," and "A Birthday," the last a setting of Christina Rossetti's poem. Miss Marguerite Macintyre was singing splendidly, though she still shows a tendency to strain and fatigue her voice. Mr. Gregory Hast is an artist of sensitive taste, and possesses a highly trained voice, though he has, perhaps, a tendency to over-refinement and restraint.

M. I. H.



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three of his quartets were played, those of the years 1800, 1809, and the posthumous one in C sharp minor, written in the year 1826; comprising what is technically described as "The Master's three styles."

A pathetic but very interesting concert was given on Friday, April 25, at the Queen's Hall in aid of the Royal

setting of Christina Rossetti's poem. Miss Marguerite Macintyre was singing splendidly, though she still shows a tendency to strain and fatigue her voice. Mr. Gregory Hast is an artist of sensitive taste, and possesses a highly trained voice, though he has, perhaps, a tendency to over-refinement and restraint.

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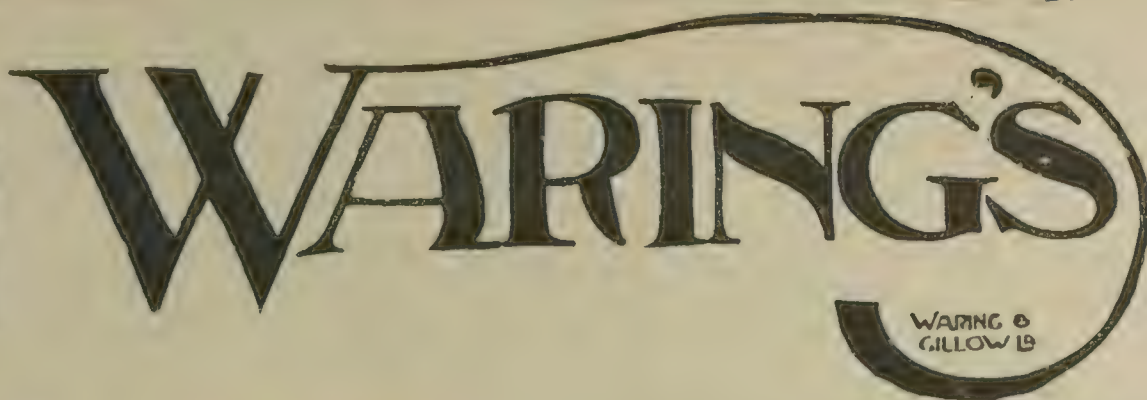
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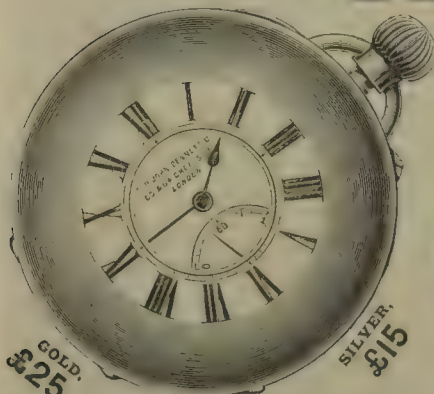
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 27, 1901), with a codicil (dated Feb. 20, 1902), of Sir Thomas Lucas, first Baronet, of 12A, Kensington Palace Gardens, and Heatherwood, Ascot, who died on March 6, was proved on April 17 by Dame Mary Amelia Lucas, the widow, Sir Arthur Charles Lucas, second Baronet, and Reginald Jaffray Lucas, the sons, Sir John Rahere Paget, Bart., and William Trotter, five of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £775,984. The testator bequeaths to his wife £3000, and during her widowhood the use and enjoyment of Heatherwood, and the income arising from £175,000, or an annuity of £2000 in the event of her again marrying; £150,000, upon trust, for his eldest son, Arthur Charles; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Kate Golder Maudslay; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Constance Mary Penn, Amy Florence Maude, and Mary Alice Fryer; the advowson of the living of Ashted and a life policy for £10,000 to his son the Rev. Francis Granville Lewis Lucas; £500 to the Albany Memorial Chapel at Cannes for the endowment fund or the building of a parsonage house or for such purposes as the King may select; £250 each to the Hospital and Convalescent Home, Lowestoft; £2000, upon trust, for Constance Julia Barclay; £500 each to Mary Saffery, Amy Dorothy Penn, and Constance Joan Penn; £1000 to his valet, John Middleton; and other legacies. Subject to the

interest of Lady Lucas in the said sum of £175,000, he gives £50,000 part thereof, upon trust, for his eldest son Arthur Charles, and the remainder, upon trust, for his sons Reginald Jaffray, Francis Granville Lewis, Edward Lingard, Ernest Murray, and Evelyn Penn. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sons Reginald Jaffray, Francis Granville Lewis, Edward Lingard, Ernest Murray, and Evelyn Penn, large sums already given or advanced to all his sons to be brought into account.

The will (dated March 31, 1898) of Colonel John Wingfield, first Baron Malcolm of Poltalloch, C.B., of 5, John Street, Adelphi, and Poltalloch, N.B., who died on March 6, was proved on April 19 by Colonel Edward Donald Malcolm, C.B., the brother, the acting executor, the value of the estate being £360,172. Subject to a legacy of £100 to his brother William Rolle Malcolm, the testator leaves all his property to his brother Edward Donald Malcolm.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1891), with a codicil (dated Jan. 23, 1893), of Mr. Matthew Gray, of Lessness Park, Abbey Wood, Kent, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on April 8 by Robert Kaye Gray, Matthew Gray, Christian Hamilton Gray, and William Ernest Gray, the sons, and Miss Bethia Aitken Gray, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £282,428. The testator bequeaths the use of Lessness Park, with the furniture, etc., therein, and £1000 per

annum for the expenses thereof, to his daughter while a spinster; and £100 per annum for twenty years for the benefit of poor persons as may be employed, or have been employed, at the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph Works, Silvertown. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares between all his children.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1901) of Mr. William Jones, J.P., D.L., of Abberley Hall, Worcester, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on April 22 by James Arthur Jones and the Rev. Cecil Joseph Jones, the sons, and Roderick Livingstone Lees, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate exceeding £250,000. The testator gives one moiety of the Astley estate to his son James Arthur until his, or his brother Frederick William's death, and subject thereto the whole of such estate to his son Cecil Joseph; £1000 and an annuity during widowhood of £2500, or of £1000, should she again marry, to his wife; £3500 to his son Frederick William; £3500, and the perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of Astley, to his son Cecil Joseph; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Florence Mary Greenup; £17,000, upon trust, for his daughter Amy Constance Lees; £17,000 to his grandsons William George and Alan Stewart Patten; and £8000 each to the trustees of the marriage settlements of his daughters Mrs. Lees and Elizabeth Brown Maud Patten. After the payment of certain succession duties for his son Frederick

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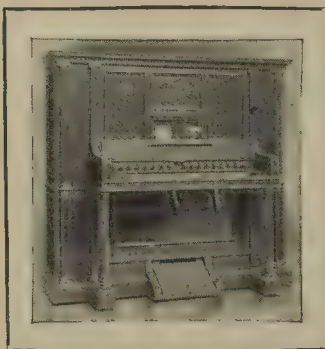
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William, the residue of his property is to be divided between his sons James Arthur and Cecil Joseph.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1901) of Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Edward Henry Cooper, P.C., late of the 7th Hussars and the Grenadier Guards, of 42, Portman Square, and Markree Castle, Sligo, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on April 22 by Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Joshua Cooper, the son, and Henry L'Estrange, the executors, the value of the estate being £62,757. The testator gives his property in Queensland to his son Arthur Charles; the lease of his house in Portman Square to his daughters; £7,000, upon trust, for the payment off of charges on the settled family estates; £2,000, upon trust, for the maintenance and support of the observatory and library at Markree; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Florence Lucy, for life or until she shall marry, and then for the payment off of charges on the said estates; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Venetia Helen, for life or spinsterhood, and then upon further trusts for his grandson Guy Edward Cooper; £200 each to his executors; £500 to his nephew Richard Cooper; and £100 to his nephew Captain Edward J. Cooper. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his grandson Bryan Ricco Cooper.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1896), with three codicils, of Mr. Hugh Sleight, J.P., of Leek, Stafford, who died on Nov. 20, was proved on April 16 by Hugh Richard Sleight, the son, Joseph Challinor, and Henry Watkins Stokes,

the executors, the value of the estate being £51,447. The testator gives an annuity of £100, and, during her widowhood, the use of his residence, with the furniture, etc., to his wife; certain farms and lands, upon trust, for his sons Herbert and Roland; £100 to his son Hugh Richard; £6,000 to his son Godfrey; £1,000 to his son Gilbert; £100 to his daughter Kate; and such a sum as with the value of certain securities will make up £8,000 to his daughter Marian. The residue of his property he leaves between his sons Hugh Richard, Herbert, and Roland. It would appear that Mrs. Sleight has a separate fortune, and that provision has already been made for some of his children.

Messrs. Kinahan and Co., Limited, have been honoured with the Royal Warrant as purveyors of Irish whisky to his Majesty. For many years this famous firm held a similar position to her late Majesty, and the only Irish whisky used on board the *Ophir* during the Imperial tour was "Kinahan's."

The New Palace Steamers, Limited, announce that their steamers will sail as usual during the coming season, commencing on Saturday, May 17, in time for Whitsuntide trippers, with *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor*, sailing to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate. *La Marguerite* will begin her trips to Margate, Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend on July 1. During the winter the steamers have been thoroughly overhauled.

#### WHERE THE OSPREY NESTS.

The osprey is, unfortunately, but a rare visitor on most of our seashores and inland waters; if he ever breeds now in Great Britain it is only in the Highlands of Scotland, in one or two spots where the bird is too much appreciated and too well protected for the whereabouts of his eyrie to be commonly found. It has never been known to breed in Ireland, and any statement that it ever bred on our coast at all rests only on tradition. There are a few spots about which it is seen most autumn, but the visits become fewer each year. It was therefore with joy that I learned that I was within easy reach of two breeding localities of the osprey lately.

Sitting against the stem of a tall, golden poplar at the end of the highest part of a peninsula which runs into a branch of Lake Constance, I had swamp and reeded shallows on either side of me. The white terns dipped, with shuttlecock flight, into the mirror-like surfaces below which myriads of small fishes disported themselves. A solitary curlew rose, with a quick *kray* of alarm, and took flight, frantically uttering repeated whistling notes, musical, though given out in short barking fashion. At last, out from the wooded island at the end of the peninsula comes a fine osprey. His nest is in a tree there; our host knows it well. The bird does not stay long; the presence of some fishermen who are getting bait in the long reeds is disturbing to him. The fork-tailed kite nests not far from

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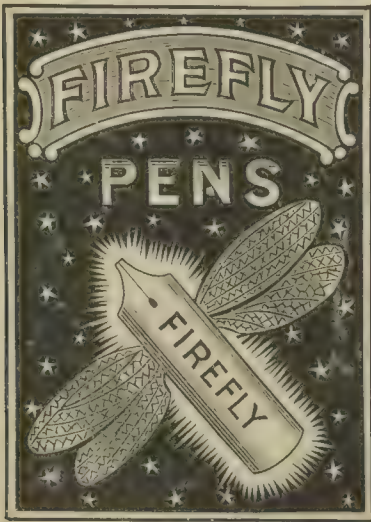
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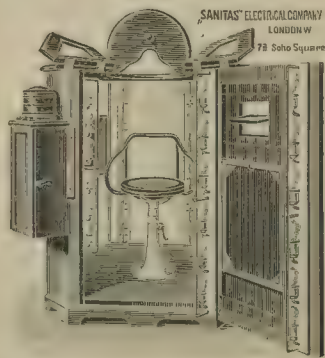
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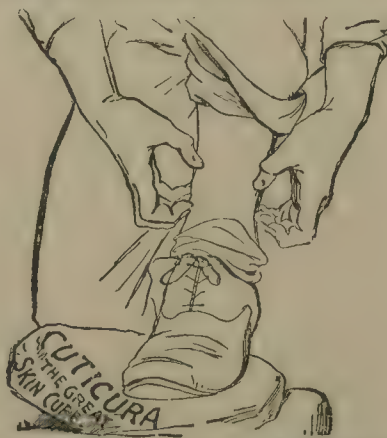
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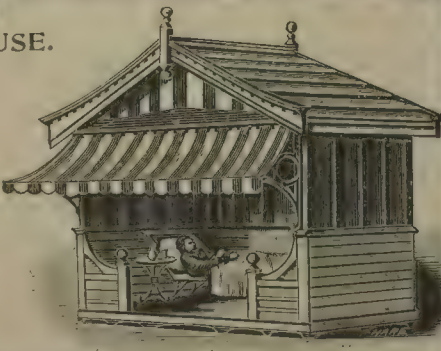
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this osprey. We went to watch him one day, but were caught in a thunderstorm, and had to shelter as best we could.

From a height across the water a dark speck rises, and as it draws nearer I see through my glass that it is another bird I was longing to watch in one of its own breeding haunts—a common buzzard, called here the mouse-buzzard. His presence is welcomed by the agriculturist on account of the mice, field-voles, etc., which he devours. Game-preservers dislike him, because of his depredations when his legitimate food is scarce. To-day he means to fill his stomach with the frogs which make night noisy with their concert of sound. He circles high in the air, then drops, and presently, to my joy, settles on a low stumpy willow in the swamp land, near enough for me to see his brown and grey plumage. All bird-lovers know the delight it gives to be able leisurely to observe under the most favourable conditions a bird one has only before known in books or in a museum. Here, in a district off the route of the ordinary tourist, and on an estate the owners of which had been ardent bird-protectors for many years, my chances were all that could be desired.

Being summoned by the great gong, suspended from a tree outside, to luncheon, I receive the good news that

farming operations can be forgotten for this afternoon, and my host and his wife will row me round the head of the peninsula, and across to the Markelfingen woods, where, near to the lake, they have heard there is a nest in an oak-tree, the home of a fine osprey.

At our landing-point peasants are busy carrying the hay; "carrying" literally, for it has all been put up in separate bundles in great squares of sailcloth, to be carried down to the small boats which lie waiting for it on the strand. We leave our wraps and other things in the boat (honesty is a leading feature in the pleasant-faced countryfolk round the lake), and we wander up over the sloping meadows, in which are patches of red dianthus and blue campanula—to the wood.

Soon a call from the height above tells us that the nest is found in a fine oak, which is surrounded by pine-trees, on the highest point of the wood—an excellent position for a bird of prey, commanding a view of the lake and of the country round. Ah! there he comes, disturbed by the intruder. Happily, he settles for a few moments just over my head, so that I can note him well; not for long, however, but when we sit down near enough to his nest to watch it he comes to some trees close by, through which, though we cannot see him, he utters quickly repeated cries of anxiety. The nest is huge,

built, of course, of sticks—these the bird brings up from the lake out of the water; they are not broken off the trees—and it is well placed in the forking of two large boughs, close to the main trunk. The ground below, although covered with the osprey's mutings, has no scattered debris of fish about it. So, either the young are not yet hatched out, or else kites have a nest near, as is often the case. They can almost subsist upon "crumbs" from the greater birds' tables. This is a fact I learned in Germany. Happily for myself, who am no early riser, the osprey is also not up with the dawn. He enjoys a dignified matutinal leisure. No other bird of his species builds, as a rule, within a fair distance: one pair only holds sway within an extensive radius, so he need not disturb himself with the idea that it is the early bird alone which catches the fish. He soars like a feathered king over that part of the Zeller See which is below his eyrie, a scourge of the waters. The osprey which nests at the wooded end of this peninsula governs the water on the other side of the lake. I have seen him often from the little tea-garden by the water's edge, and watched his rise and fall, while a solitary great crested grebe, whose mate is on her wet nest in the reeds half a mile further down, floated, fishing below.

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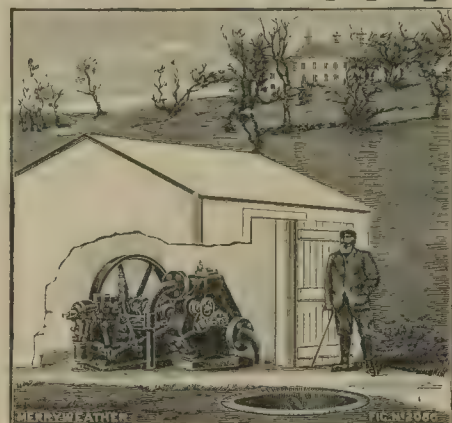


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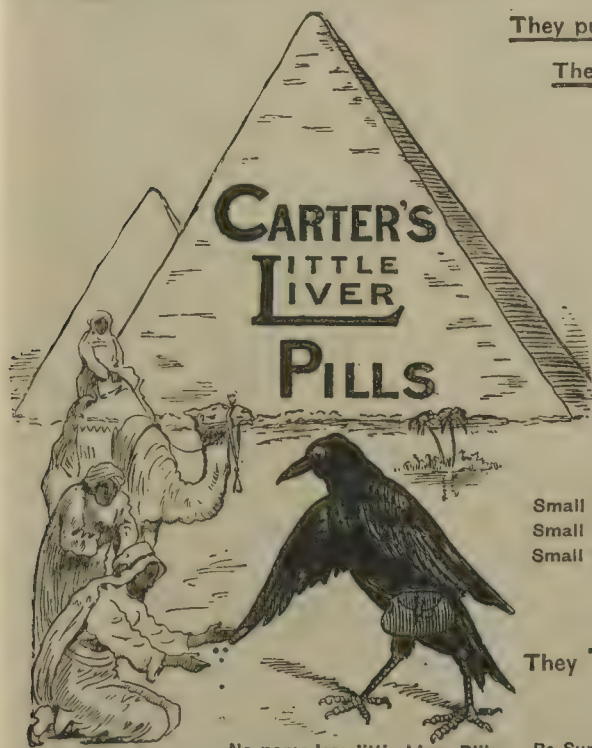
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## ART NOTES.

At the French Gallery in Pall Mall, the Spring Exhibition contains works by British as well as by foreign artists. Six Corots give distinction to any show; but two of these in Pall Mall have skies which do not belong to the long catalogue of skies which this artist has made beloved. The largest Corot canvas is entitled "Don Quixote"; but the subject is nothing, the trees and not the story making the composition. The foreground is roughly rubbed in, in brown monochrome; but Corot could not resist some delicate finishing touches in the sky and in the leaves that dot against it. The touch is unmistakable; it could be traced, one thinks, in the spurious canvases brought to him by friends for whom he good-naturedly put strokes of his own. "It is genuine enough now," he would say with a smile. Dealers went away happy to be thus furnished with authorised Corots—as happy as when they rushed off with his genuine canvases wet from the easel, before his brush had really completed its task. These were the "Corots de Commerce"; and it is just as well to remember this and other peculiarities of their production in looking at the many canvases bearing his name, and now on view at this and that dealer's exhibition in London.

Millet's "Mother and Child," rather unusually idyllic in mood, is another of the attractions of the French Gallery. Millet painted comparatively few pictures, and that is why his works are far less familiar than those of Corot in the galleries of London. The Mother in this rich and charming group is seen striding forward, while the Child struggles to escape its Mother's arms. "Before the Storm," by Troyon, is also particularly rich in colour. The subject is one that never fails—the familiar strip of hill and field and haystack bathed in limpid yellow light, while all the rest of the scene is in deep shadow. Daubigny's "Study from Nature" shows an expanse of wild common, wind-swept, rain-washed, clean, brilliant. The sky, unfinished, is rather fantastic; and we turn back from it to the gentleness of Corot. A living painter appears beside these masters, here and in other similar shows—Fritz Thaulow. The work here shown is that "Bridge at Verona," full of strong colour and current, which was his first introduction to many English picture-lovers, when it appeared a few seasons ago at Burlington House.

Mr. Sidney Cooper's death does not deprive those who admire his work of a sight of some of it at

Burlington House. Three of his latest canvases are there on view; and the hangers have marked the exceptional circumstances by an exceptional arrangement—the placing of the three pictures on the line together. The principle of "grouping" has thus found a recognition, perhaps for the first time in an exhibition of current art, within the conservative shades of the Academy.

A very popular portrait-painter is now so much a man in request that his services have had to be booked, in some cases, four years in advance. Sitters, as well as painters, are sometimes very much in demand, the simple truth being that not all people are paintable. Comparisons between the portraits of much-painted people are always of interest. This year Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Duchess of Portland will revive comparative memories of Mr. Shannon's presentment of the same lady; while Mr. Sargent's amazing portrait of Mrs. Charles Hunter will be recalled and contrasted with the portrait of the same lady shown this year by Signor Mancini. Mr. Paterson, better known as "Benjamin Swift," who sat to Mr. Tuke, A.R.A., two or three years ago, has this season proved a capital sitter to Professor Sauter.

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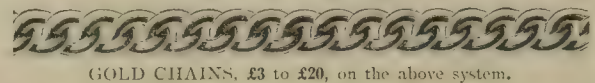
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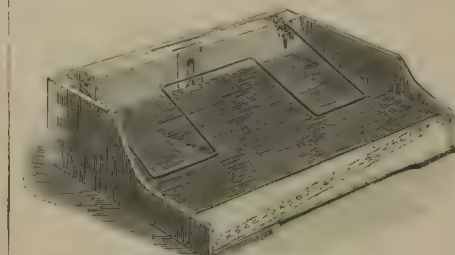
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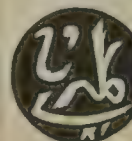
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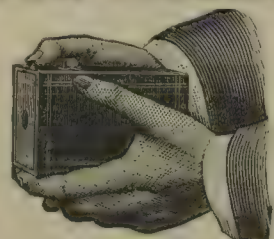
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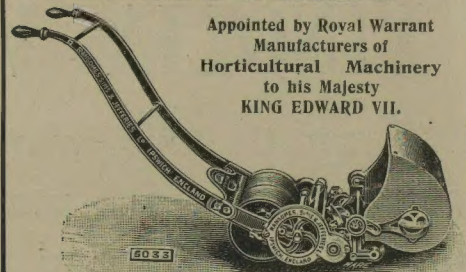
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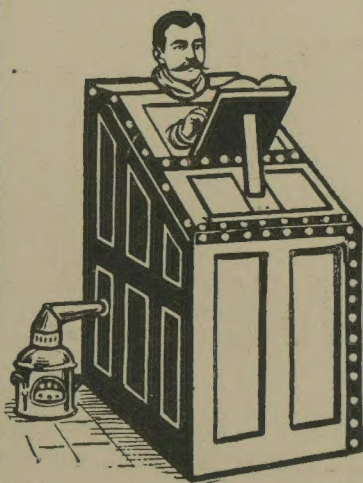
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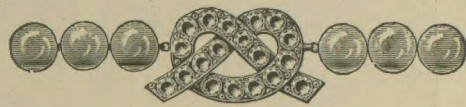
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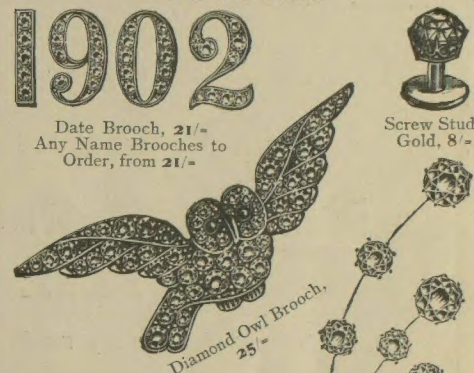
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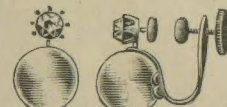
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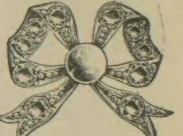
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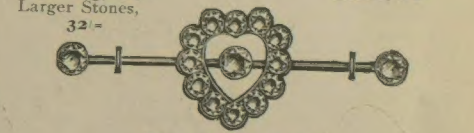
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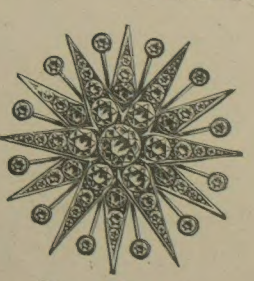
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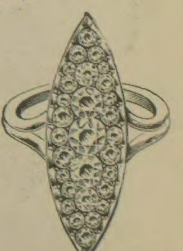
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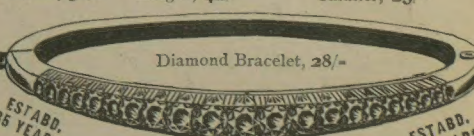
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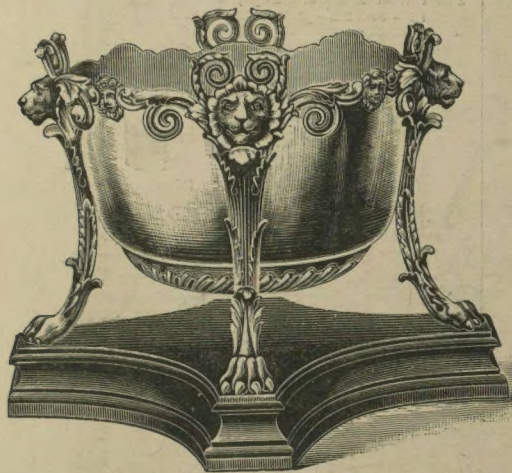
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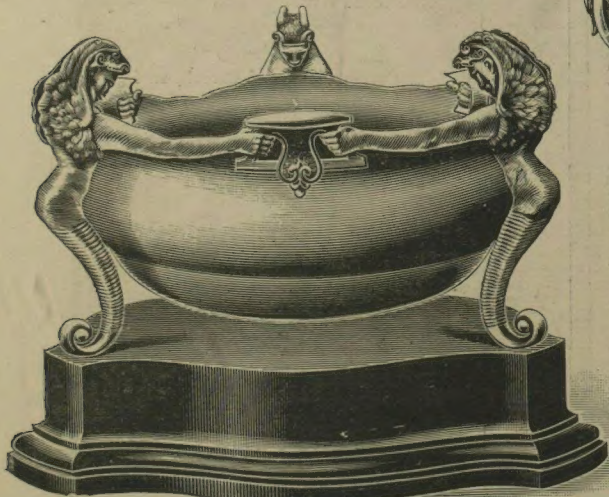
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